The Outlook

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New York's New Mayor

THE result of the Mayoralty campaign in New York City was a foregone conclusion. The counting of the votes which determined that Mr. Walker had secured the election by some 400,000 was a formality made necessary by the election law of New York State. Mr. Walker's opponent, Mr. Frank Waterman, was a capable and honorable business man whose public record was nil. In the list of public accomplishments which his supporters brought forth it was cited in his favor that he had "helped to bring the Oberammergau players to America." Mr. Walker's supporters were reduced to no such forced appeal. They claimed for their candidate that he had given the City—

Workmen's compensation,
Emergency rent laws,
Widows' pensions,
Soldiers' bonus,
Eight-hour working day,
Sunday baseball,
Sunday movies,
Five-cent fare,
and many human and progressive laws.

Here was a record which, added to a lively and human personality and backed by all the force of Tammany, was destined to be invincible. The Republican machine in New York, under its present management, has about as much chance of defeating Tammany as the average week-end golfer has of defeating Walter Hagen.

Senator Walker knows New York. His record in Albany as Senator was that of an able political leader whose inclination has been towards public service when that service did not appear to conflict with the demands of his party. Certainly he is a vast improvement over Mayor Hylan in intelligence and experience. It is to be hoped that the newspapers of New York will give him a square deal—something which (with all his shortcomings) was not accorded to Mayor Hylan. The trifling influence which anti-Tammany newspapers of New York exercise in the politics of the metropolis is an indication that the citizens of New York, as a whole, trust their instincts rather than editorial utterances which are obviously partisan documents.

Wide World Photos

James J. Walker, New York's Mayor-elect

Shortening the Ballot

MORE important than the election of any man to office was the decision reached on Tuesday of last week by the voters of New York State to reorganize the State Government.

The idea that the more candidates the people vote for, the more truly they govern themselves, has been sedulously cultivated by politicians who want power without responsibility. The long ballot has been the stronghold of invisible government. The voters do not and cannot know the merits or demerits of many candidates; so when they have a long list of men to vote for they vote blindly. In New York, besides many local officers, the voters had to choose every two years by ballot such officers as a Secretary of State, a State Treasurer, and a State Engineer and Surveyor. These and other constitutional officers have now been abolished, and the only officers remaining elective are the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Comptroller, and Attorney-General, and in place of a multitude of departments there have been established twenty, for the administration of which the Governor will in the main be directly responsible through his power of appointment.

A similar effort to concentrate power and responsibility in the county governments of Westchester and Nassau Counties failed. Ultimately such an effort will doubtless succeed, for county government at present in New York is antiquated and cumbersome.

Governor Smith has added to his prestige by putting through the reorganization of the State Government and by persuading the voters to authorize two big loans—one of $300,000,000 to abolish grade crossings, and one of $100,000,000, spread over ten years, chiefly for the rehabilitation of the State institutions.

In Other States

IN this year's elections only two of the States chose Governors. No one felt surprised that Virginia followed its tradition and elected a Democrat, Henry Flood Byrd, by a majority of perhaps 80,000. Some surprise was felt, however, that the Republican candidate for State Treasurer, John P. Bassett, came near defeating his Democratic opponent, John M. Purcell. The explanation given is that Mr. Purcell is a Catholic and that a religious (and presumably Ku Klux Klan) element entered into the contest.

In New Jersey one Democrat succeeds another as Governor. A. Harry Moore won by about 40,000 votes, as estimated the day after election. To a large extent this was a "wet and dry" campaign. Mr. Moore openly advocated changes in the Volstead Law—as he had a perfect right to do; but if he advocated enforcement of the present law it was in such a mild

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way as to escape attention. The Republican candidate, Arthur Whitney, who made his appeal chiefly by denouncing his opponent as the candidate of the Hague machine that rules Jersey City, was in a peculiar position. He voted in the New Jersey Legislature against ratifying the Amendment. On the other hand, he had before and after the primaries the support of the Anti-Saloon League, and this hurt him among anti-prohibitionists; but he would have pleased the drys better if he had been more positive and specific as to law enforcement and the disgraceful violations of law in New Jersey such as have been described by Mr. Mandeville and Mr. Samuel Wilson in The Outlook. Thus the out-and-out drys inclined to regard Mr. Whitney as a Mr. Facing-Both-Ways. It is not, however, remarkable that New Jersey should go Democratic, particularly in a year midway between National elections.

Three municipal elections have attracted more than local interest. In Detroit Mayor John W. Smith was re-elected by a substantial majority. Smith is a Catholic; his opponent, Charles Bowles, had Klan support. The point of interest in this fight was that Klan workers used efforts to placate Jewish and Negro voters. The Klan issue also entered into the Indianapolis election, where J. L. Duvall, alleged to be a Klan candidate, won over a Democrat. In Boston a Republican Mayor, Malcolm E. Nichols, was elected—the third time, it is stated, within twenty-five years. The explanation given is that in large measure the campaign was carried on along non-partisan lines and that the Democratic vote was divided between two candidates.

A No-Majority Election in Canada

THE result of the parliamentary elections for the Dominion of Canada has left the much diminished Progressives with what is theoretically the balance of power. As there seems to be no likelihood of a coalition between Progressives and Conservatives, the practical question is whether there will be such a working understanding between Liberals and Progressives as will allow the Liberal leader, Mr. Mackenzie King, to carry on the Government or whether a new election will follow quickly.

The Liberals are now a minority party, but neither Mr. Meighen, the Conservative leader, who has a plurality of 15 votes, nor Mr. Mackenzie King can carry a measure without Progressive help.

While the election is in a measure a victory for the advocates of high or at least higher tariff protection as against the United States, there were other issues involved, and the indecisive outcome leaves it highly problematical whether, if a referendum were to be taken, a majority of Canadian voters would favor a radical increase in the tariff. Canadian farmers are a large class, and they want their tools and machines free of duty.

The failure of the Progressives to gain new seats is largely due to improving business conditions and less dissatisfaction among the farmers.

It was a courageous act of the Liberal Prime Minister to ask for a new election, for provincial elections in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick had already shown strong Conservative gains. The course Mr. Mackenzie King took was the right and constitutional procedure.

The Colonel and the Court

COLONEL MITCHELL on trial is proving no less a cyclone than in the old days when he was second in command of the Army air forces. He challenged two members of the court on the ground of bias—Major-General Charles P. Summerall, President of the court, and Brigadier-General Albert J. Bowley—and one, General Sladen, Commandant of West Point, peremptorily. All of the challenges were sustained.

For a time Mitchell's counsel talked of having President Coolidge summoned as a witness, but the hazardous plan was finally abandoned.

Colonel Mitchell then asked that summons issue for seventy-three witnesses, including the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy, with the object of proving the truth of what he has said about Army and Navy air services. The contention on the other side is that the issue is not the truth or falsity of Mitchell's statements, but only whether or not they were prejudicial to discipline.

Damascus Under Fire

NOT since the shooting at Amritsar in 1919, when a British officer commanded troops to fire on an unarmed multitude, has the indignation of the civilized world been so aroused as by the French bombardment of Damascus. In the case at Amritsar the indignation in Britain was as strong as it was elsewhere. In this case the indignation is nowhere stronger than it is in France. General Sarrail, the French High Commissioner of Syria, who opened fire without warning the foreign residents, has been summoned to Paris and, in effect, dismissed.

Precisely what happened is not yet definitely known. Among General Sarrail's offenses has been a refusal to furnish reports, and on this account one must choose between varying unofficial estimates of losses in life and property. Apparently, at least a thousand poeple were killed and damage was done to the extent of ten million dollars. The disaster to antiquities in the oldest city in the world is irreparable. Not only did the punitive tanks take a wrong turning into the Christian quarter, which it is the traditional rôle of France to protect, but General Sarrail—fiercely criticised as a freethinker and an anti-clerical—demanded five hundred thousand dollars and three thousand rifles as the price of ordering his guns to cease fire.

It is under a mandate of the League of Nations that France holds Syria. By Article XXII it is laid down that "certain communities formerly belonging to the Turkish Empire have reached a stage of development where *their existence as independent nations can be provisionally recognized* subject to the rendering of administrative advice and assistance by a mandatory *until such time as they are able to stand alone.*" (Italics are ours.)

On behalf of France, it is claimed that she has greatly improved the roads, the schools, the courts of law, and the sanitation of the territory intrusted to her, but from the first she has had to deal with the Pan-Arabic dream of an empire that shall stretch from Mecca to Aleppo. So strong is this sentiment that, after the opening of the Hebrew University near Jerusalem, Earl Balfour, as a Zionist, was driven from Damascus by angry mobs.

What the Riffs are to Morocco the Druses are to Syria. Fanatical if unorthodox Moslems, these proud hillsmen have always resented the French mandate, and in each of six successive summers have attempted revolt. The administrator of Jebel Druse, a mountain oasis within the desert, has been Captain Carbillet, who, in error, fired upon a religious ceremony of the Druses; and his chief lieutenant forced Druse chieftains to work on the roads as common laborers. To hillsmen bound by hereditary etiquette, among whom the symbol of marriage is a dagger by which, if faithless, a daughter is despatched by her own nearest kin, this was a mortal insult. A

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Buy that peace with full accord

(Henry V, Act V, Scene 2)

Knott in the Dallas News

This ought to be easy to settle

Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Testing the new engine

From P. P. Udre, Granite City, Ill.

W. A. Rogers in the Washington Post

The real treaty of peace

From R. V. Williams, Chicago, Ill.

Sykes in the New York Evening World

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Premature !

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

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Ewing Galloway, New York

A Highway in Damascus

deputation of Druses arrived at Damascus to ask for Captain Carbillet's removal; but with great unwisdom General Sarrail refused an audience. The tribesmen thereupon isolated the French garrison at Suweideh and annihilated two relief columns composed of ill-trained troops. Elsewhere in Syria trouble developed. With Bedouins at the gates of Damascus, the French authorities paraded the streets of the city with corpses of rebels. Sedition was thus provoked in Damascus itself. The bombardment was a reprisal.

The Oldest City of the World

Of all cities continuously inhabited, Damascus is the most venerable. It was there that Abraham, four thousand years ago, found his steward Eliezer. It was Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, that Naaman, the Syrian, visiting Elisha, compared so favorably with the Jordan—and with reason, for springs of water, welling from Lebanon, have maintained amid the wilderness a garden of flowers and fruits. The ruin of Damascus by Assyria was foretold or described by the prophets Isaiah, Amos, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel, yet the city, with its commerce, recovered. After his conversion "on the road to Damascus," it was on the street still called Straight that St. Paul lodged in the house of one Judas. Over the walls he escaped in a basket.

In due course, Damascus fell by the sword of Islam. But it was her looms that furnished our housewives with their first "damask" and her orchards that yielded the first "damsons," while in the annals of chivalry no steel was keener than a Damascene blade. This city belongs, not to any one Power, but to mankind.

In view of her incomparable traditions, Damascus should be treated as second only to Jerusalem herself.

Painlevé Carries On

Only those who glory in undertaking the impossible can envy Paul Painlevé his new task. With Caillaux, the financial prestidigitator, out, he has taken the financial portfolio himself. But what can he do? To balance the Budget he must either cut down expenses or increase revenue or do both.

He cannot disband the French armies, for they have work to do in the Riff and elsewhere, and, besides, the security pact is not yet ratified. He cannot save on loans to his allies, for those loans have been, in fact, money-makers for France, as they have consisted largely in war supplies otherwise useless. If he attempts to refund the internal loan and cut down the interest on it, he will invite tremendous opposition from the banks as well as the individual holders of French securities.

If, on the other hand, he attempts to increase the revenue by increasing taxation, he will encounter apparently unsurmountable political obstacles. Most of the French are heavily taxed already, except the small farmers, whose resistance to further taxation will make additional taxes cost more than they will produce. His supporters on the Left demand a capital levy; but this, besides being unsound, will encounter a hostile Senate.

If anybody is to cure the financial ills of France, it would seem to be somebody who depends upon other groups than those that are supporting Painlevé

Wilhelm Gericke

In remembering those men who were pioneers in developing in America knowledge and appreciation of the best in music, Americans should not forget Wilhelm Gericke. His death on October 24 in the capital city of his native Austria must have surprised many who remember him, for he seemed to belong to the era of Theodore Thomas and Leopold Damrosch, and not to the present at all. It is true that he left America as late as 1906, at the end of his second engagement as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; but his chief service was rendered from 1884 to 1889, when he molded the Boston Symphony Orches-

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tra, as Louis C. Elson says in his "History of American Music," "into a permanent shape," and succeeded in his purpose of "forming an orchestra that should be perfect of its kind." The standards which he set for orchestral playing have not been, and are not likely to be, surpassed.

The New Viceroy of India

AFTER five critical years as Viceroy of India, Lord Reading, formerly British Ambassador to the United States, retires in favor of Edward Frederick Lindley Wood, a subordinate Cabinet Minister, unknown outside his own country, whose appointment indicates a refreshing audacity on the part of Prime Minister Baldwin. At one bound, a president of the Board of Agriculture mounts a throne, temporary indeed, but while he sits thereon as magnificent as that of King George himself.

Mr. Wood's promotion recalls that of Lord Curzon by Lord Salisbury. The one is just over and the other was just under forty when the great chance came. Both were sent to India straight from the House of Commons, yet both, as eldest sons of peers, stood already on the threshold of the House of Lords. Both were educated at Eton and Oxford, and both took high academic honors. Both belong, moreover, to families not only aristocratic but clerical. Lord Curzon's father was a parson as well as a peer, and Mr. Wood's is Viscount Halifax, the now venerable leader of the Anglo-Catholic Party in the Church of England. Mr. Wood himself has written a life of John Keble.

To statesmanship, therefore, Mr. Wood brings a high purpose, nourished by a genuine piety, reminiscent of Gladstone or Lord Hugh Cecil. And, while he belongs to the Conservative Party, the tradition of his family is Liberal. His grandfather, the first Viscount Halifax, was Secretary for India immediately after the Mutiny, and carried through the reconstruction that followed the disappearance of the East India Company. Also Mr. Wood is related to Viscount Grey of Falloden, which means also to that Earl Grey who carried the British Reform Bill of 1832.

Lord Reading is leaving India with her discontents greatly abated. In Bengal there is a certain definite anarchism, but Empire as a whole is settling down renewed prosperity. The action of rk in abolishing the Caliphate has he Islamic disaffection against Britain. And, despite Gandhi's fast of twenty-one days, Moslems and Hindus in India herself are again at loggerheads. The political power of Gandhi is, as he frankly confesses, at an end, and even his stipulation that Swarajists spin two thousand yards of cotton every year for "khaddar" is ignored. Non-co-operation in the new Constitution has been abandoned; and even obstruction within that Constitution is apparently to be modified in favor of a policy of working with the British for Indian ends. An Indian has succeeded a Briton as Speaker of the

International
India's new Viceroy, Edward F. L. Wood

Legislative Assembly at Delhi; and the main question at issue is whether the Constitution shall be amended at once or in 1929, ten years after its adoption, which is the statutory arrangement. In the long annals of the East, a delay of a year or two means little.

Mr. Wood will go to India, therefore, under greatly improved omens. The Secretary for India in London, Lord Birkenhead, although he is determined to maintain a British element in the Indian bureaucracy, does not talk reaction; and, in any event, the Viceroy of India is to-day the real governor of the country. In the larger statesmanship Mr. Wood is an untried man. But he has now arrived. And his name will soon be a household word.

A Shah in Exile

PERSIA has managed to get along fairly well for some time without its Shah, who has spent most of his time as one of the foreign colony of kings and princes in Paris. Accordingly, the Persian National Assembly has formally deposed Shah Ahmad and renounced allegiance to his family, the Kajar dynasty, which has ruled Persia for nearly a century and a half. The Kajar monarchs were absolute rulers without any parliamentary restraint up to 1906, when the present National Assembly was established to satisfy the agitation of the people. Ahmad's father, Mahammad Ali, could not or would not work in harmony with the Assembly, and was deposed.

When, three years later, Ahmad was made Shah, he was a boy of only eleven years, and the picturesque accounts of the enthronement of a boy king interested readers the world over. Unfortunately, as he attained manhood he showed no abilities as statesman or administrator. He was plainly told so by Reza Khan, who has been since 1923 the nominal Prime Minister and actual dictator of Persia. The anti-Reza party last year demanded the return of the Shah from Paris and a new Constitution. The story goes that Reza, who was quite willing to continue as Vice-Shah, promised to ask Ahmad to return, but that when he sent the invitation he wrote to Ahmad privately saying that it would be impossible to promise him safety if he did come back.

Evidently, the ex-Shah is of that not uncommon Oriental type who prefers sport and pleasure to a dubious and dangerous reign.

The ambitious Reza will probably continue to hold the reins of power, with such concession to the nascent Persian desire for democratic or at least constitutional concession as political security makes necessary.

Trouble Looms in Nicaragua Again

SCARCELY had the handful of United States Marines stationed in Nicaragua as a "Legation guard" for twelve years past left that Central American Republic than a threatening political situation developed which may require the power of this Government to dissolve.

Within two months after the small body of Marines representing the sovereignty of the United States left Managua General Chamorro (a former President of the country, who had served his Government several times as Minister to Washington and nearly a score of years ago led the series of revolutions which resulted in the overthrow of the dictator, Zelaya) started a revolt against

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the duly elected Government. He seized the fortress commanding the capital with the avowed purpose of wresting the control of affairs from the political opponents of the Chamorro family, whose members, up to the present administration, had held undisputed sway over all recent governments in Nicaragua.

General Chamorro is a fighter of no mean ability, a man of strength and determination, but one with a political bent that made it impossible for him to sit by and accept the verdict of the polls and allow his political enemies to rule. Some of the American republics have learned and readily accept the meaning of popular elections; with others it only means the necessity, if defeated, of finding some way to rout the "ins." With them it is not a question of how a government came into power, but of who is in power; and there is no right party but "our party."

In spite of treaties which these republics have signed, including one at a recent Washington conference attended by all five of the Central American nations in which they agreed to maintain peace and "not to recognize any other government which may come into power in any of the five republics through a *coup d'état* or a revolution against a recognized government;" in spite of the innumerable lessons of lost prestige which have been brought home to them; and in spite of the efforts of our Government to show them the value of living up to the republican principles on which their governments are founded, they have not yet learned to see the ballot as something to be respected even if the other side wins. General Chamorro, of Nicaragua, is one of the Central American leaders in whom personal ambition, unchecked by ability to see any party other than his own in power, was stronger than his desire to see his Government established finally on a firm constitutional basis with the popular will as expressed at the polls supreme.

A Cuban Patriot

JUAN GUITERAS, a Cuban by birth, died at Matanzas on October 28. He was a true patriot, and all the more so because his love of Cuba was proved not by political activity but by medical research.

For about thirty-five years Dr. Guiteras was a recognized authority on yellow fever and other tropical diseases. When American science through Walter Reed and his associates had demonstrated beyond question—and not without the sacrifice of life by the devoted searchers—that yellow-fever infection is transmitted by a certain species of the mosquito, Dr. Guiteras worked in union with Dr. Gorgas to make Havana and Cuba at large exempt from the pestilence which had destroyed in Havana alone about 36,000 lives in forty years. To Dr. Guiteras is due much of the credit for driving yellow fever out of Cuba. As Director of Public Health for about ten years he was able to enforce and perfect the new methods of fighting an old enemy.

Dr. Guiteras was distinguished as a writer and specialist in his own field as well as a public official who had a great opportunity and improved it. Patriotism as well as science marked his career.

A Locarno for the Balkans

EUROPE wants peace. Not only the peoples of Europe, but the men who manage the affairs of the Powers that control Europe. The peoples might want peace, but be swept into war. The French people did not want war in 1914; the English people were slow in discovering that they were in the war; but the men who for the moment could determine the affairs of Europe, the managers of the Austro-Hungarian and German Governments, decided that they wanted war, and Europe was helpless. The balance of power had swung for the time being to their side. There was a most solemn treaty in force which was supposed to make the invasion of France by Germany or Germany by France virtually impossible; but that treaty was no obstacle to the will to war when that will was equipped with power to make war. Now, in 1925, power is in the hands of those who have the will to peace, and that is why it can be said that Europe wants peace.

The reason for this will to peace is obvious. The Great Powers that are in control must have peace if they are going to survive as independent and strong nations. England, the heart and head of the British Imperial Commonwealth of Nations, needs all her energy for the problems that beset her at home and in her dominions and possessions. France is struggling to avoid a plunge into bankruptcy. Italy has withstood the disintegrating and enfeebling sickness of Communism, but the convalescence is painful, and she is still an invalid under the care of a surgeon who uses the knife freely. Germany no longer dominates the scene; but, bereft of power as she is, she has come to realize, after the bitter humiliation of the Ruhr, that she has every reason to contribute what she can to the general will to peace. No longer, therefore, is there any Great Power in Europe that can see advantage in war. The political life of every statesman that can command a great army or a great navy depends on the repression of everything that threatens international disturbance. Slowly the rest of Europe has come to see what the French have seen from the beginning, that there must be, first of all, security.

Therefore Locarno.

Therefore, too, the short shrift given to the two quarrelsome neighbors in the Balkans, Bulgaria and Greece.

It has been said in despatches from Europe that the Græco-Bulgarian spat was a threat of a war that could spread to other countries. There was never any danger of it. The men who direct the affairs of Europe, because they speak and act under authority of the great Powers, and therefore can police the land and the sea, would not allow it. There is no country (unless it is Russia, and Russia is in no position to withstand the forces that guard the peace of Europe) that wishes (as Austria wished in 1913) to see the Balkan nations at loggerheads.

It is now reported that plans are under way for the framing of a treaty or set of treaties that will do for the Balkans what the treaties of Locarno were designed to do for their greater neighbors of the north and west. The question at once arises, Is there any such will to peace in the Balkans as there is in the rest of Europe? Probably not; but there does not need to be. If there is any Locarno pact for the Balkans, it will be engineered for the Balkan nations and not by them.

The dissensions among the Great Powers of Europe that made the Second Balkan War possible have no counterpart in the relations between the Great Powers of Europe to-day. Then there was a will to peace, but it was not backed by a sufficient balance of power to prevent war. England and France failed to act because they feared war. Now they can act because they do not fear any Power that can make war.

So the Great Powers, united for peace, can give their orders, and will be obeyed When Briand tells the Greek and garian Ambassadors to shake hand

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take some tea, they shake hands and take some tea. Do they do it because they are fellow-members of the League of Nations? Not at all. They do it because they were told to do it by some one who is expressing the will of France and England and Italy.

The League of Nations is very convenient nevertheless. It is the velvet glove for the iron hand. Everything is done and said in the name of the Council of the League, and that enables Bulgaria and Greece (more especially Greece, who was an ally of these three Great Powers, and therefore should be treated with consideration) to save face. So if there is a Locarno for the Balkans, the stage will be set by the League's Council, but the stage managers will be England, France, and Italy.

So long as the balance of power in Europe remains behind the will to peace, that will will be effective, and peace will reign there. At present—in spite of the Red Army of Russia and the propaganda of the Third International—it appears as if the balance of power were to remain on the side of peace in Europe for many years to come. It is America's duty to keep, not only free, but also both strong and well disposed, so that she can contribute her share to the task of seeing that the balance of power is behind the will to peace throughout the world.

Good Books Do Sell

"THERE are two books," said an old author to a young one, "which will have a big sale. One is the really good book, the first-class book, the book of great and outstanding merit. The other is the book which is *pizen bad*." By the latter she meant the works of those popular and sugary novelists which in every generation have sold by tens of thousands, and in our day by hundreds of thousands. The chief practitioner of this school of literature in America used to have his own publishing house, devoted solely to marketing his stickily sentimental novels. The first edition of each of them is something like two hundred thousand copies.

The fact induces discouragement with the public taste. But see the other side of the picture. No such gigantic figures can be quoted for the sales of volumes of poetry, but there are three small books which in our time have had a great and deserved popularity. The bitterness, cynicism, of the "Spoon River Anthology" did not prevent readers from discovering its poignancy, its rugged strength and beauty. The true poet's hand that wrought "A Shropshire Lad" carried it to success despite its prevailing note of sadness. And during the past year the evident sincerity, the whimsical fun, of Mr. Milne's "When We Were Very Young" has made it a best-seller throughout twelve months.

That Charteris Tale

LIES are the camp followers of war. It matters not how great the cause, how terrible the conflict, how clear the issues, there are always to be found men and women who feel that they can serve God with the weapons of the devil. The lies of which we speak are not stratagems of war, ambushes, camouflaged guns, and concealed redoubts—they are efforts to break down or bolster up morale by means of propaganda which in nine cases out of ten defeats its immediate purpose. In the tenth case the defeat follows too, even though long postponed.

Within a few weeks after the outbreak of the World War The Outlook said:

"For weeks we have been hearing charges of inhuman cruelties committed by the German troops—from French and Belgian sources. The newspapers from Germany which reach us two weeks or more late are full of circumstantial accounts of atrocities practiced by the Belgians, and of French murder and rape in Alsace. . . . There has been much exaggeration—cold-blooded, intentional exaggeration on both sides."

Cold-blooded, intentional exaggeration of this kind has been recently disclosed by a statement made by Brigadier-General J. V. Charteris, Chief of Intelligence of the British Army during the war, at a gathering in the National Arts Club in New York City. In this speech General Charteris disclosed the fact that he had authorized the transfer of a caption from a picture showing a train taking dead horses to the rear to a picture showing a train taking dead Germans to the rear for burial. The point of the transfer lay in the fact that the caption said that the bodies were to be made into fat and fertilizer.

The story was given wide currency—possibly to the immediate increase in hostility to Germany. The ultimate effect of the story has been to strengthen the hands of those who still insist that the war was merely a greedy scramble on both sides for power and domination. Any one who can lose sight of the real issue of the war because of a revelation such as General Charteris has made cannot be said to be capable of mental stability. This fact, however, in no way lessens the responsibliity of those who put out this particular brand of canard.

Propaganda of this type is not new. Even so distinguished a statesman as Benjamin Franklin published in France during our Revolution a fake copy of the Boston "Chronicle" which contained a letter describing what purported to be an invoice of eight packs of cured, dried, hooped, and painted scalps of rebels—men, women, and children—taken by Indians in the British employ. It was such lies as this which drew from Balzac the statement that Franklin "invented the lightning-rod, the hoax, and the republic." We do not recall that anything so vicious as Dr. Franklin's document was issued from official American sources during the past war, although some of the material put out by George Creel was certainly equally mendacious.

Armistice Day might serve as an excellent occasion for the governments of the world to resolve to abandon lies as part of the official equipment of diplomacy and propaganda. A universal resolve of this kind would leave no country at any particular disadvantage. If it cannot be done on moral grounds, it might be accomplished on the basis of the fact that lies don't work.

Not a Footless Tradition

OUR friends the French derived at least one satisfaction from Caillaux's mission in America. The mission took back to France a story of American manners which has provided the French with innumerable opportunities for wit and trenchant comment. The story to which we refer was that dealing with the position of Senator Smoot's feet at the conclusion of the financial conference. It seems that the Senator at the break-up of the final meeting leaned back in his chair and put his feet on the table.

The French may know, or they think they know, American manners, but it is possible that they are not as familiar with our political institutions as might be expected of so scholarly a race. Certainly in jumping to the conclusion that the placing of feet upon a conference table was a sign of bad manners they have

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shown a woeful lack of knowledge of an Anglo-American institution.

We inherit the essentials of our political structure from England, and, although some of these essentials have been greatly modified by the sea change they have suffered, still students with the proper background are easily able to understand the significance of much in American life which might otherwise escape them.

Are the French really unaware that the corner-stone of British liberty is the privilege which her Parliamentarians possess of placing their feet upon the august table upon which rests the Speaker's mace? Apparently in America the tradition has become modified, and our Senators consider themselves privileged to place their feet upon the table only at the conclusion of business. Despite French disapproval, we rejoice in the fact that Americans have not wholly lost their respect for tradition.

Those "College Boards"

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT
Contributing Editor of The Outlook

MY own unhappy experience, forty years ago or more, in "prep school" and college as a slave-driven student of the so-called classics is being revived in my memory by my contact with two young people—a boy and a girl—who are in the midst of their preparation for their college board examinations. They are struggling to read Cæsar's "Gallic Wars," or, to display my own meager classical knowledge, let me give the original title—"Commentarii De Bello Gallico." When they escape this drudgery, they will be plunged into the worse one of reading Cicero's Orations or his essays "De Senectute" and "De Amicitia."

Now I protest that I am not an enemy of classical education. The older I grow, the more I believe that every cultivated person, male or female, ought to know something of the Latin language and Latin literature. And, as I have said before in these pages, familiarity with the Greek alphabet will at least help those who are addicted to the solution of cross-word puzzles to solve their problems; for I notice that the authors of these modern compilations are beginning to introduce *beta* and *eta* and *rho* and *tau* and *omega* into their vocabularies. My objection to the current classical teaching is that to try to interest a sixteen-year-old boy and girl in Latin literature by making them read Cicero's Orations or Cæsar's Commentaries is about as futile as it would be to hope to interest a French boy in American literature by compelling him just as he is beginning to learn the rudiments of the English language to read the "Federalist" or Admiral Mahan's "The Influence of Sea Power upon History."

I recollect that in my course of compulsory Greek at a New England college I read, or was supposed to read, the Odyssey. But, as we read it twenty or thirty lines at a time and as any literary inspirations were daily strangled in a swamp of prosody, philology, and grammar, I had no conception of the human interest of the story until, two or three years after leaving college, I read Professor George Herbert Palmer's beautiful translation, and found the Odyssey what the modern newspaper critics would call "a rattling good story of human interest."

I have never read Theocritus in Greek, and never shall read it, because about all the fruit of the mechanical and conventional teaching which I had in college is to recall it, like a certain senior in New York University in my uncle's day, as "that language with the funny little crooked letters in it." But some years ago the poems of the English humorist Charles S. Calverley fell into my hands. I enjoyed his parodies, and, perusing him a little further, I found that he was a classicist of the first rank, and so read some of his translations of Theocritus and found, to my astonishment, that Theocritus was not a mere twister of hieroglyphics but gave a marvelous picture of the men and women and life of his time. "Though he lived in an artificial period," says a competent critic, "there is in his work a simplicity, a fidelity, and a love of nature that has given him a universal fame. His dramatic and mimetic power was great, so that his peasants, shepherds, reapers, and fishermen have a real existence and are not merely literary creations."

Now is there not some way of teaching Latin and Greek to young students that they shall get this impression of human interest from the originals which they come in contact with as well as from the translations they are lucky enough to meet with in later life? No one can be a more ardent admirer than I am of the achievements of modern science, and yet I am inclined to think that the scientific spirit is the bane of literary teaching.

Macaulay in his essay on Hallam says:

> To make the past present, to bring the distant near, to place us in the society of a great man or on the eminence which overlooks the field of a mighty battle, to invest with the reality of human flesh and blood beings which we are too much inclined to consider as personified qualities in an allegory, to call up our ancestors before us with all their peculiarities of language, manners, and garb, to show us over their houses, to seat us at their tables, to rummage their old-fashioned wardrobes, to explain the uses of their ponderous furniture, these parts of the duty which properly belongs to the historian have been appropriated by the historical novelist.

The duties, as Macaulay thus implies, which have been neglected by the scientific historian have also, it seems to me, been neglected by the scientific teachers of classical literature. Of what particular value to the undergraduate of our schools and colleges is a knowledge of the Greek optative or of Grimm's Law? The brothers Grimm have done about as much harm to a spontaneous love of literature as their compatriot Freud has done to the spontaneous love of man for woman. The technology of science is right and necessary for the research laboratory, but it ought to have a very subordinate place in creative art. I have always had sympathy with the undergraduate of Wesleyan who, in an examination on philology, was asked to give an example of Grimm's Law of phonetic derivatives. "Well," he answered, "Middletown may be derived from Moses." "How?" asked the astonished professor. "By dropping the 'oses' and adding the 'iddletown'!" was the somewhat flippant reply. But is it not really a good deal more important that the average undergraduate should know something about Moses and his profound influence upon the hygiene and morals of civilization, and about Middletown, its two institutions of learning and its interesting colonial history, than that he should be able to recite the complicated operations of Grimm's Law?

A few years ago I was asked to re
paper before a literary club of wor
a large Southern city. I elected

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on the value of the faculty of imagination in practical every-day life. My contention was that as the muscles of the body need food and exercise, so this faculty of the mind needs cultivation and nourishment, and that the habitual reading of poetry is the best source of its fertilization and growth. I therefore entitled my paper "Keats for the Kitchen." I was told afterwards that one of the members on seeing the announcement on the programme innocently asked, "What are keats?" I admit that this punning blunder has some of the bur of the chestnut clinging about it. But yesterday I was told the actual story of a graduate of Vassar who, on hearing an allusion to the parable of Dives and Lazarus remarked, musingly, "What are dives?" A nephew of mine recently in Yale had a classmate who received some of his preparatory education in France and spoke and read French like a native and cultivated Frenchman. He was flunked in his freshman or sophomore French examination because he could not give the American-made rule for the subjunctive, although he used the subjunctive as naturally and correctly as a duckling swims.

Such is the effect of the American "college board" system of education. It stifles any original and human interest in knowing "the best that has been said and thought in the world," and its average product seems to be a set of young people who know how to answer a preordained series of standardized questions but not much more. The "college board" examinations are the anise and cummin of modern American educational High Priests.

If High Priest is resented as too strong an epithet to apply in this connection, let me add one more incident. It is generally recognized by the head masters of our secondary schools that the chief object of a college education for American boys is to give them a certain sort of social standing. If a boy cannot pass the "college boards" in ordinary course, he is sent to a "cramming school" that makes a specialty of the kind of questions which college examiners like to ask. When the cramming school thrusts the boy into college by this system of "bucking the line," he is kept there by special tutors who from long experience have come to understand the weak points of their adversaries—the college authorities. "Buck the line" on the gridiron and "buck the line" in the examination room might be said to be the slogan of the pedagogical ecclesiastics of the American college system. At a recent meeting of head masters and masters of secondary schools this condition of things was recognized and deplored. But when it was proposed to take up the question of reform with the various college authorities of the country a violent protest arose. Any change would upset things terribly. It is much more comfortable and convenient to have a cut-and-dried system than it is to do original and creative work.

When the forward pass was introduced into football, it was denounced by the conventionalists as a dangerous innovation that would destroy the whole system. It might be magnificent, but it was not in accordance with the traditions of the game. But the reformers persisted, and the forward pass has brought into the game the element of personal initiative and agility which has really saved it. What the American collegiate system needs to-day is the introduction of the forward pass in its educational scrimmages.

Some Notes on Locarno

Correspondence by ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

The Outlook's Editor in Europe

IN its Italian elegance the press bureau at Locarno reminded me of our headquarters at the Genoa Conference three years and a half ago. Two floors in a fine old palace were provided for us there. At Locarno we had one large lofty hall, with impressively frescoed ceiling, also in a fine old palace. Telephone booths were lined on one side of the hall; every moment one heard the Italian equivalent for "Rome is ready, signore," or the French for "Monsieur Chose, Paris is calling." The floor was ablaze with rich Oriental rugs lent by obliging Locarnese families. Writing, typist, newspaper tables abounded; on the last-named I counted two hundred and four different papers; by a curious coincidence there were just two hundred and four journalists there.

Most of them looked like men of ability and experience. Everywhere one found a desire to report and interpret the Conference exactly and soberly. In helping to form public opinion the journalists helped the framers of the acts of Locarno. In this room were journalists from many lands. One of them, a veteran of large experience in Central Europe, remarked:

"You hear every one say, 'We cannot be too thankful that, actually, Germany, in the person of Stresemann, the Foreign Minister, showed us last February this path to peace.' Don't you believe it. He was no father of the Rhine pact. His was not the first suggestion of it."

"Well, whose?" I queried, and was not surprised at the answer:

"England, in the person of Lord d'Abernon, British Foreign Minister at Berlin."

Whatever be the paternity of the acts of Locarno, they might be appropriately concluded in the room I noted to the right on entering the Palace of Justice. The sessions of the Conference occurred in the aula upstairs. Over the door of the downstairs room I read: *"Giudicatora di Pace."* It is where disputes are settled out of court.

THE primal task at Locarno seemed to be to manage German susceptibilities, personal and political.

The Germans did not seem to want to be "mixers." Apparently they really desired to emphasize detachment and differences. It may only have happened that way, but theirs was the only delegation where sudden illness compelled the postponement of a Conference plenary session, and theirs seemed the only one fearing sudden death. It must be heartily admitted nevertheless that, with the Rathenau assassination in mind, the Teutons had reason for fear, and the more as one read that some ultra-Nationalists warned any German signer of a non-Nationalist security pact that he might not return alive to Berlin. If so, however, why should have the German delegates complained about having to be constantly shadowed by detectives? Other political leaders also receive threatening letters—it is part of the game—but say nothing. Other leaders have often to be accompanied by

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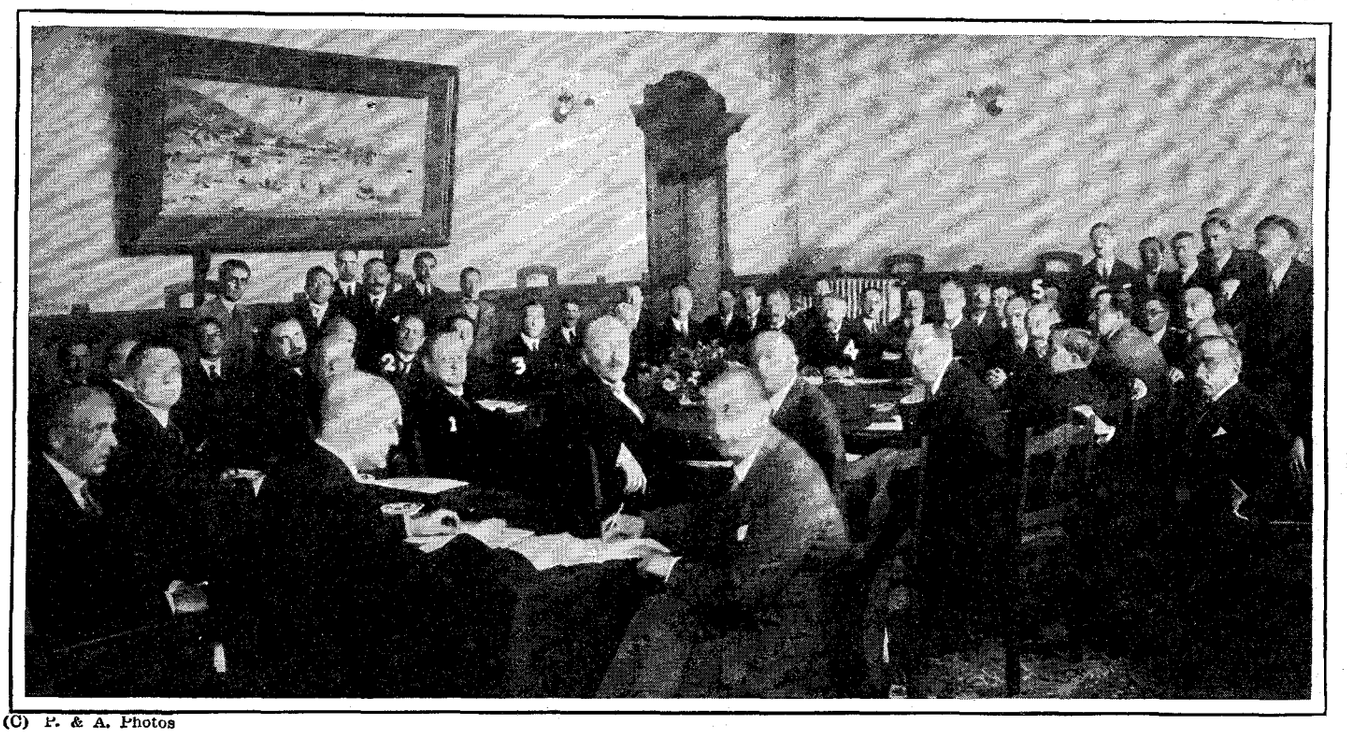

(C) P. & A. Photos

Leaders at the Locarno Conference

The spokesmen of the major Powers are indicated by numbers as follows: 1—Foreign Minister Stresemann, of Germany; 2—Premier Mussolini, of Italy; 3—Austen Chamberlain, of Great Britain; 4—Aristide Briand, of France; 5—Emile Vandervelde, of Belgium

detectives, but do not make a fuss about it. During the Lausanne Conference I saw Marquis Curzon always followed by a detective. His lordship even took the man with him to Geneva in going thither to see Sir Eric Drummond. Lord Curzon stepped into the League of Nations building and up to the Secretary-General's office on the second floor so quickly that the Leaguers were not aware of his presence until a journalist who knew the detective informed them. Now Lord Curzon was a decidedly self-conscious person. Only he was not exactly an advertiser.

Of course the German Nationalists stood right in the way of international understanding and good will. They declared, first, that they would not listen to any peace proposal; they wanted war. Then they cooled off a bit and allowed that if a German delegate did go to a peace conference, it must be strictly conditional, compelling the Allies both to efface the war-guilt clause from the Versailles Treaty and immediately to evacuate the Cologne area. Even as the Conference concluded that old fire-eater the Junker Berlin "Kreuz-Zeitung" asserted that under no circumstance would the German National-Volkspartei accept a treaty not complying with these two demands.

As to the first, the Nationalist papers scorn "being bound by forced conceptions of war guilt." To this a wag here rejoined: "Germany does not wish longer to be regarded as a convict on ticket-of-leave in decent society."

As to the second, the Germans know perfectly well that the Cologne area will be evacuated just as soon as they have carried out their disarmament promise.

Nevertheless, under Nationalist pressure, a week before this Conference convened the Berlin Government made the grand-stand play of actually mentioning these two matters to the other Governments, only to be instantly reminded that the Allies deprecated such proposals.

What really counts is that this is the first time since the war that the Germans have met the Allies on a genuine basis of equality. At Versailles there was no discussion as between equals. Spa was not much better. At Cannes, Genoa, London, however, the Germans were more and more treated as equals. Now at Locarno there was full equality—an outstanding feature of this Conference.

LIKE the long-headed men they are, Chancellor Luther and Herr Stresemann would not have journeyed to Locarno unless sure that the Conference would succeed.

On the other hand, the greatest hope of all the conferees for success (and the second outstanding feature of the Conference) was that Dr. Stresemann and M. Briand had to compel it to succeed, if, for no other reason, because failure would probably not only have cost them their jobs as Foreign Ministers but also their positions as party leaders.

In his attempts to this end M. Briand, doubtless wishing to atone for any shortcomings at Cannes and Washington, was a clever scene-shifter. Witness, for example, his Ascona and lake affairs. To the modest Elvezia restaurant, in the delightful neighboring lake village of Ascona, he tempted Dr. Luther for an intimate talk, with only the German-gifted Berthelot as occasional translator. The three were quite alone save for the house cat. The *padrona,* ignorant as to the identity of her guests and looking at them from a distance, told us afterwards how the cat now perched on M. Briand's shoulder and now snuggled into the Luther lap. It allowed its unpartisan fur to be stroked by both alike.

The French Foreign Minister followed this by a party on the lake, a larger but still very select party. To it the English and German Foreign Ministers and the English, French, and German jurists were bidden. By privacy and independence you can do a lot in a short time. At Aristide Briand's two little parties, not only was the Rhineland demilitarization difficulty settled, but also Germany's objection to entering the League of Nations was definitely put to one side. The urbane, smiling host, always ready with a joke, was at base no less determined upon a proper pact than were the able Luther and the austerer Chamberlain. But he had a peculiarly pleasant way of accomplishing his ends.

AT the opening session of the Conference the delegates asked Austen Chamberlain to be their presiding officer. He declined. He foresaw that matters

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might be more easily adjusted by the simple, familiar round-table method, without any formal direction. But Mr. Chamberlain could not keep himself from being justly regarded as a presiding genius, not only because he is Foreign Minister of the chief Power at the Conference, but also because he is a person of peculiar prudence and poise, and, in particular, because of his understanding of and insistence on the necessity for International Union.

His opening speech was in fluent French, and later he often spoke in that language. When recently he went to Rome, he surprised the Italians by talking to them in their own tongue. His German was perfected during his student days at the University of Berlin. He was a favorite at the home of Dr. Frommel, the Court preacher, and took part in the Christmas festivities around the Christmas tree there, as did the present writer.

Something of the old hearty German ring of those unsuspecting years before the war seemed to characterize his tone as he read to us the other day a page from Viscount Grey's Memoirs (Volume I, Chapter XIV, page 273). This was regarding "open diplomacy." With special reference to Locarno, the speaker commented as follows:

> If the term "open diplomacy" means that everything should be said aloud, if every difference of opinion revealing itself at the Conference table were immediately to find an echo in each country concerned, the result must be that, instead of thinking of those present at the Conference, the delegates would necessarily be thinking of the effect their words might produce on the public at home. Under such circumstances, the discovery of a solution would be impossible. Open diplomacy in that sense can never be practiced with success.
>
> There is another meaning, however, to the term "open diplomacy." It is this. No binding decisions will be taken at this Conference without the assent of the British Parliament, nor any secret undertakings added to any public engagement. You must allow us to cook the meal in the kitchen. But as soon as it is ready it will be publicly served.

The speaker's own subsequent acts in bringing together variously obstinate points of view and reducing them to a common agreement has now brought so redoubtable a critic of England as is the Berliner "Tageblatt's" correspondent to this conclusion: "There has not yet been a Conference where a delegate has played such an important part as has Mr. Chamberlain here."

As Advertised

By C. K. TAYLOR

A Pennsylvania graduate pays a tribute to the "Flying Iceman"

HOW seldom does purchased fact compare favorably with advertised fancy! We keep right on buying, of course, as hopefully as ever, but we know—even before the book, or the utensil, or the Florida real estate, is acquired—that we are quite apt to be disappointed. But we keep right on experimenting just the same!

Sixty-some thousands of us were quite ready to be disillusioned at Franklin Field. Despite which some paid as high as $20 a ticket! And when we beheld that dark and slimy field, soaked with rain and melted snow, we shook knowing heads and said: "Aha! This will be the finish of the 'Flying Iceman of Illinois.'" You know how it has been. For lo! these many months we have had dinned in our ears the doings of a fiery-haired super-football wonder who was making hard-working, hard-fighting, and thoroughly self-respecting mid-country elevens look perfectly ridiculous. We heard this a year ago. This summer we heard that he was delivering ice to housewives in his home town. And this fall it began again. There was overmuch of it. Said we to ourselves: "Just wait till he runs up against a strong Eastern eleven and a slippery field!" Well, here was Pennsylvania that had humbled Brown, Yale, and Chicago, and one or two others. And here was a field for which the word slippery was inadequate by a large margin.

Well, it was an amazing and a preposterous performance. First, there came on the field the Illinois Band—an outrageously big band that reached from goal post to goal post. It was a band that had whole clumps of bass horns scattered through it like flower-beds on a lawn. And that band could play! Then there was a drum-major. He simply put one's eyes out. He strutted ahead like a combination of Polish hussar, Scotch Highlander, and a peacock—and good reason had he to strut! And in their midst came the grand and monstrous tribal tom-tom of all the tribes of the Illini—a whale of a drum that could have eaten all of Pennsylvania's drums and still have room for Penn's six-foot-eight drum-major. That drum got on one's nerves. It obscured the landscape.

And then—"Red" Grange. In the early seconds Penn had kicked the ball to Illinois, and the first thing you know there was a shout "Here he comes!" Through the dissolving groups of agitated players came bobbing an orange helmet—here, there, back again, elusive, and unbelievably swift. A few leopard-like bounds from side to side—and his opponents slid away from him and he flew alone toward the goal line, leaving behind a mass of dazed figures wallowing—

> Thick as autumnal leaves that strow
> the brooks
> In Vallombrosa.

Repeat that even three times, friends and sorrowing fellow-Pennsylvanians, and that is almost all there is to the story. The first two minutes of the game presaged the inevitable ending of it. There was no such other man in the football world, and certainly not among the Pennsylvanians, who fought grimly on in the face of certain defeat, seeing the end of their hopes as a championship eleven.

Three times Grange made his touchdown, and contributed largely to the fourth. Penn, minus her great backs Kreuz and Fields, and with cripples on her line, wallowed with her opponents in the black and sticky mud until it looked like a combat between dazed tribes of darkest Senegambians.

How does Grange do it? Probably by a combination of talents—an instant co-ordination of quick mind and well-trained body, an incredibly rapid and accurate judgment, coupled with a treacherous swing of the hips and a varying pace and direction of the legs that put them just out of reach of tacklers.

When all was over, Penn and her massed alumni arose and cheered "Red" Grange, and then, like a melancholy dirge, with sad drums and muffled horns, they sang their melancholy song. But nevertheless all of the sixty-two thousand, Penn men and all, went home with their faith in humanity renewed. For, to say the least, "Red" Grange was as advertised!

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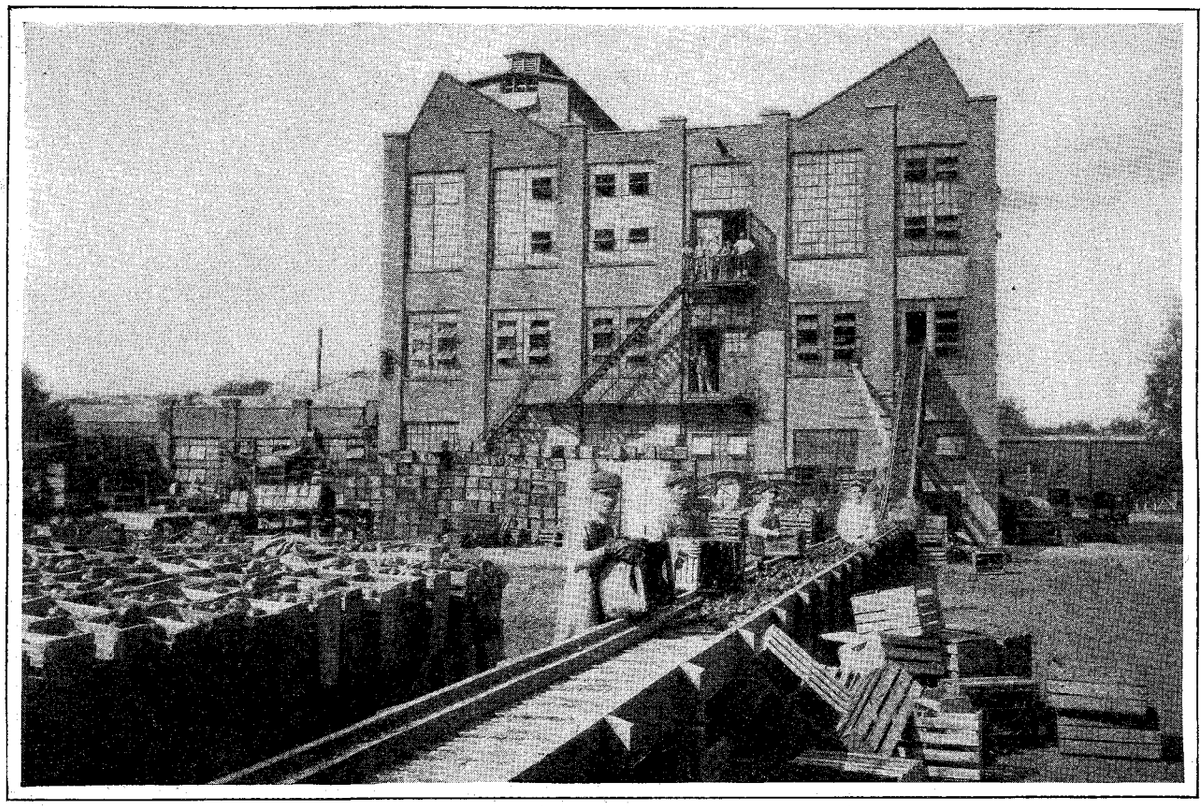

Photograph from Jeffrey Mfg. Co.

How the Fruit Goes into the Modern Cannery—an Apron Conveyor in Operation

The Coming of the Conveyor

By CHARLES FITZHUGH TALMAN

A CONVEYOR, says the "Material Handling Cyclopedia," is "a more or less self-contained device for continuously transporting material in a horizontal or slightly inclined direction. If the inclination is steep, and the material is carried upward, the device is usually called an *elevator;* if downward, a *lowerer.* The operating force may be gravity or some form of mechanical power, as electrical, hydraulic, pneumatic, or steam. The material to be transported may be in bulk in a more or less continuous stream, in bulk but divided temporarily for the purpose of conveying into small portions, each carried in a separate container, or in permanent individual units or packages of uniform size and weight." This definition suggests a wide diversity of forms and uses, and the conveyor is, in fact, one of the most versatile contrivances of modern times. A moving sidewalk is a conveyor. So is a pneumatic tube. A log flume is a conveyor. An escalator is an elevator conveyor. A merry-go-round is a conveyor, whether its freight be Young America or a string of molds in a foundry.

The history of industrial conveyors is now entering a new stage. Not many years ago, in common with most other mechanical contrivances for handling goods and materials, they were generally regarded as experimental. They were, as a matter of fact, imperfectly developed, and their use led to many disappointments. Then came the period when the use of conveyors for certain kinds of work—especially in the handling of bulk materials—became standard practice, but at the same time the ultimate range of their possibilities was hardly dreamed of, even by far-sighted engineers. In this stage conveyors formed a common but subordinate part of the equipment of a large proportion of industrial plants. In the third and present stage conveyors, in conjunction with such kindred devices as cranes, hoists, cableways, and power trucks, handle material at every step of its progress through a plant, from the time it enters in its raw state until it is loaded for shipment as a finished product.

The "conveyorized" plant is not yet, however, so common as to have lost the air of novelty. It is a paradox that, while everybody has long recognized the importance of efficient transportation of goods from producer to consumer, little thought has been given until recently to improving methods of transporting goods in process of manufacture. Industry demands steam, electricity, and the internal-combustion motor in the one case, but has generally been content with man power in the other. The incongruous spectacle may still often be witnessed of marvelously ingenious automatic machinery for *making* things used side by side with crude non-automatic methods of *moving* them.

The "conveyor assembly line," as used in automobile factories, became widely familiar some years ago. It is essentially a traveling work-bench on which an automobile is built up from a rear axle to a completed car, which runs off the line under its own power. Nowadays the "final assembly line" is fed by "subassembly lines," and there are other elaborations of the process, which has spread far beyond the automobile industry. At the same time the principle of "production on the move" embodied in the conveyor assembly line has been

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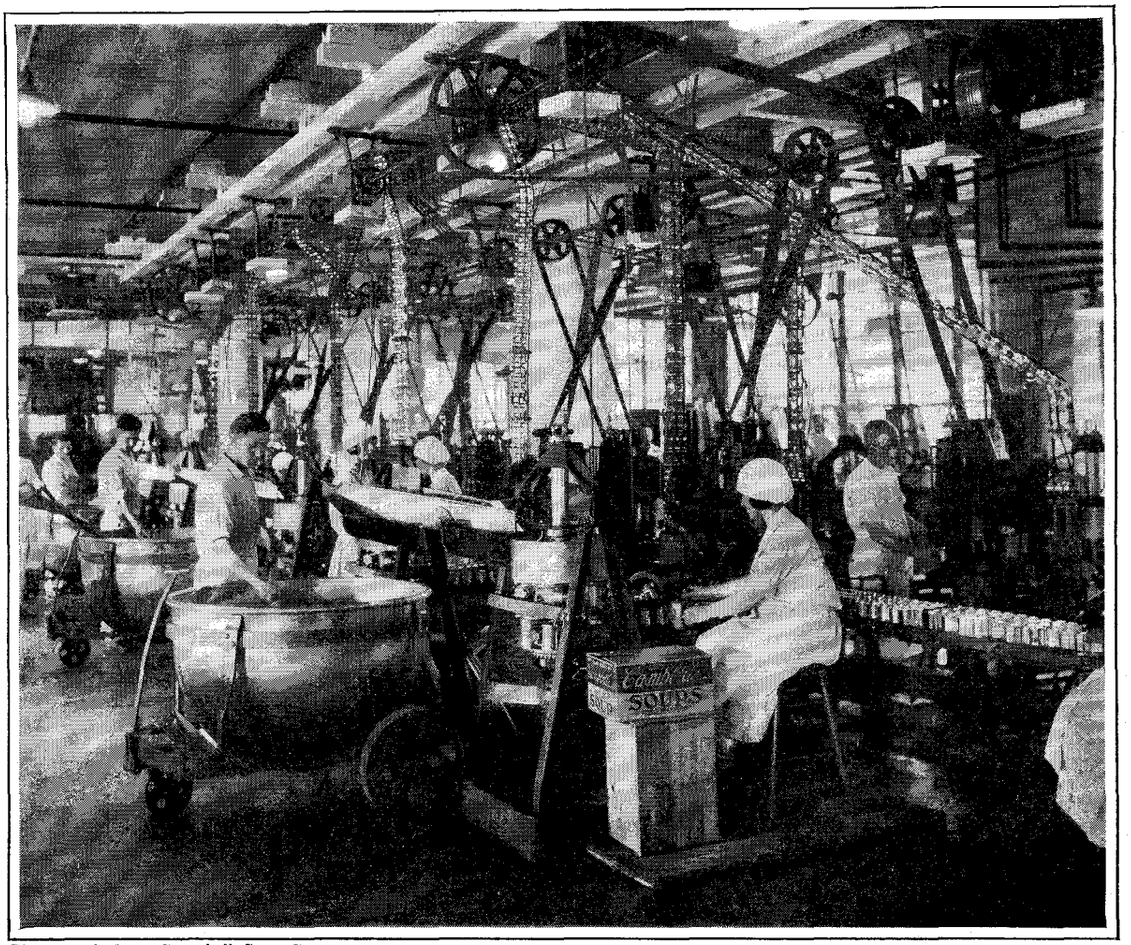
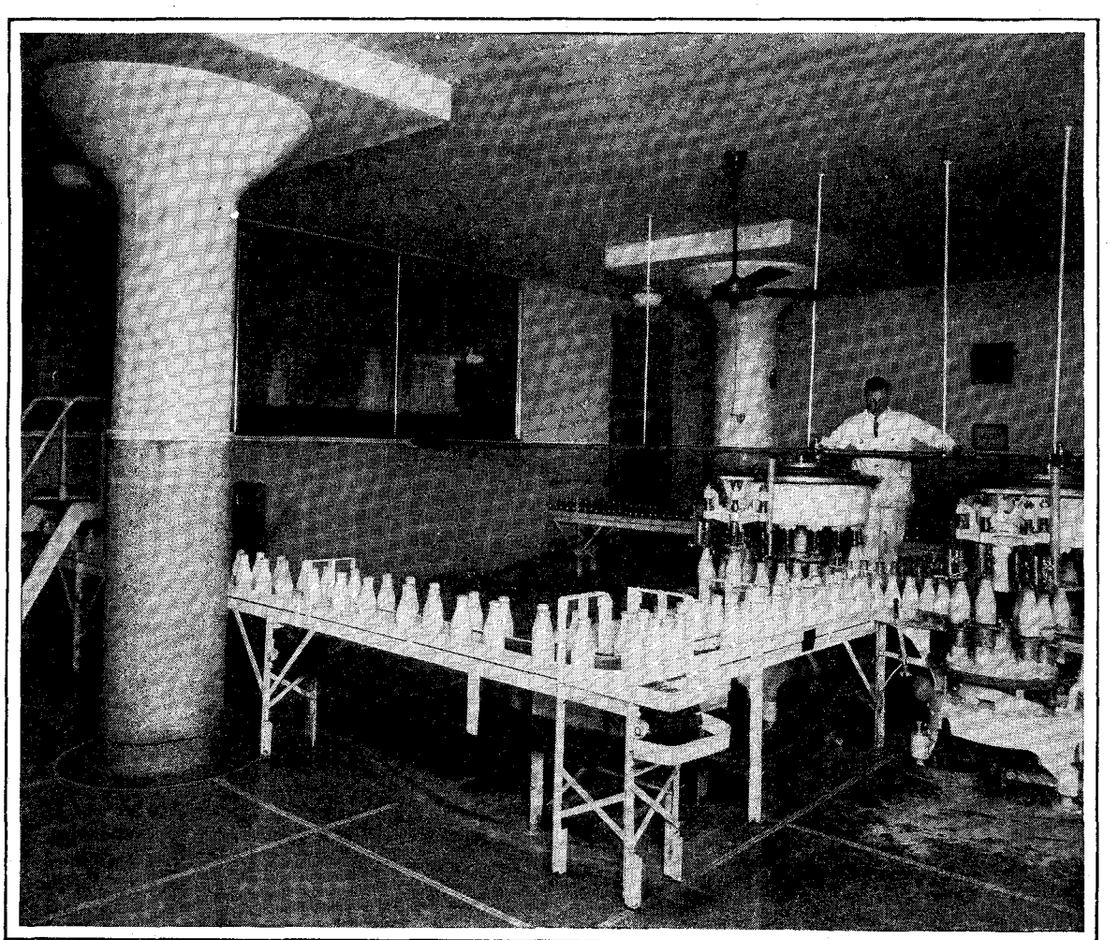
Elevator Conveyors in a Soup Cannery

Canning, in all its phases and branches, is one of the most fully "conveyorized" of the industries. The most conspicuous and striking feature of the modern cannery is the endless stream of tin cans flowing to and from the filling machines on elevator-conveyor belts. This mode of transport, besides insuring the uninterrupted operation of the machines, saves space, promotes order, and is more cleanly than the trucking of the cans along the floor



Photograph from Campbell Soup Co.



Photograph from Standard Conveyor Co.

The Conveyor in the Dairy

From the electric milking machine to the motor vehicle that delivers the bottled fluid at your door, everything is mechanical in the modern milk industry. Milk-cans are handled mainly by conveyors of the gravity-roller type. In the pasteurizing department the bottles travel from the washery to the fillers, and thence to the refrigerator on apron conveyors consisting of metal slats borne on roller chains and forming an endless belt. The solitary man in the picture is keeping a lookout for the occasional broken or imperfectly washed bottle

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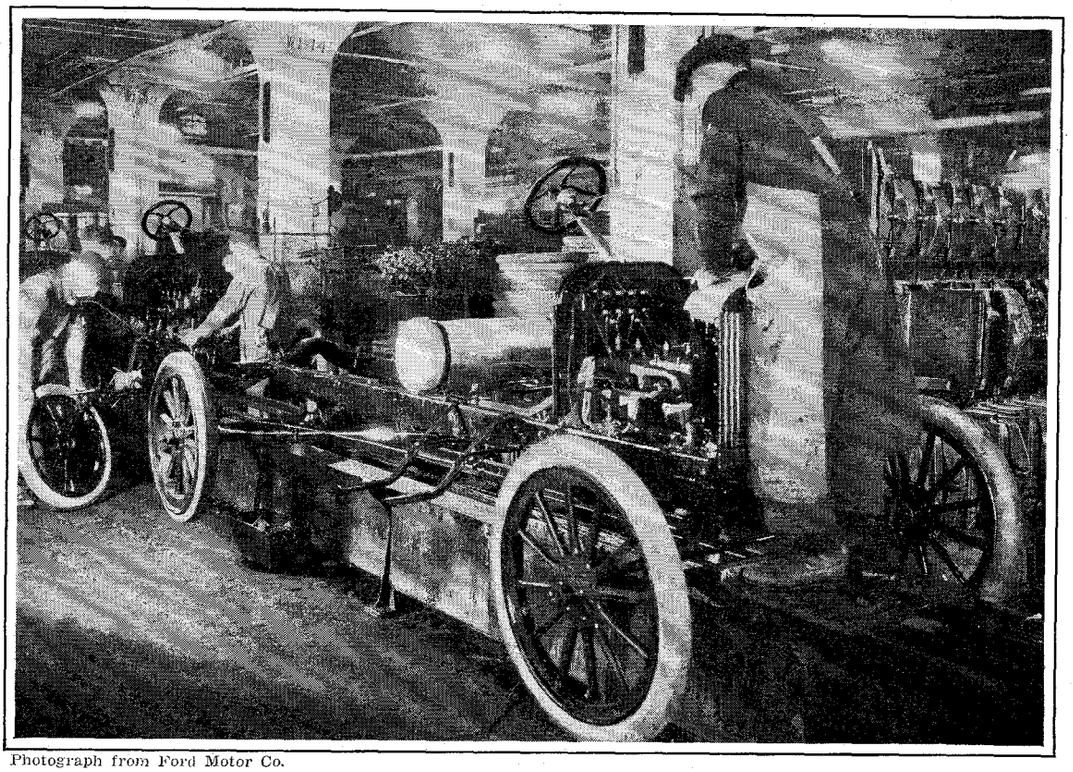


Photograph from Ford Motor Co.

The Ford Assembly Line

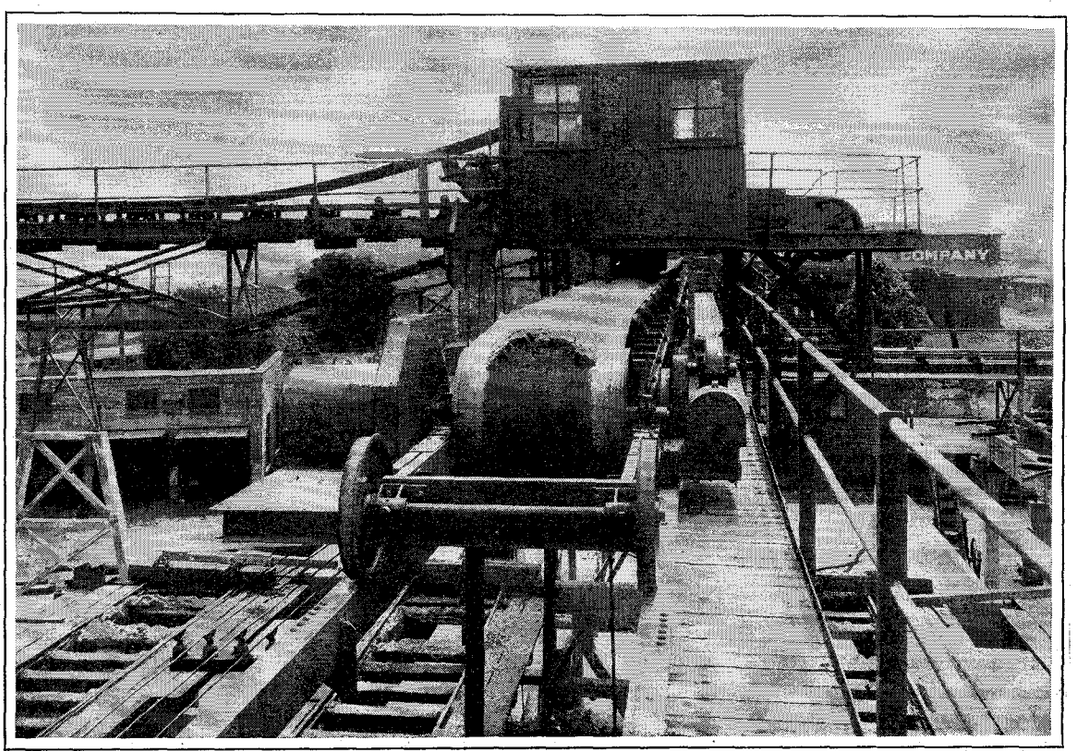
The process of building an automobile on a moving conveyor is one of the most famous of industrial operations. These traveling "work-benches," running at such speed as to insure the maximum output of each workman along the line of production, not only save time, labor, and floor space, but promote in a very appreciable degree the spirit of order in the factory. The general use of the assembly line in the automobile industry is far less striking than the general neglect of its obvious advantages that has prevailed in other industries until within the last few years

found adaptable to many operations besides assembling machinery. Striking proofs of its possibilities are afforded in the vast and complex establishments where Henry Ford is producing so many things besides automobiles—including, above all, *ideas*. In Ford's model foundry, for example, castings are poured in traveling molds, and in his plate-glass factory the glass is carried by conveyors straight through the successive processes of rolling, annealing, grinding, and polishing.

The conveyor, besides saving floor space and promoting order in a factory, is a *labor*-saver. This means more than that it saves labor costs to the manufacturer. A good deal of concern has been expressed over the fact that conveyors, in some of their applications, are frankly pace-makers, and might conceivably set the pace that kills. In practice this has not happened. The flow of materials has not been speeded up to the detriment of the worker, and the evolution of conveying machinery has been along the lines of making the process more and more elastic. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. Wage-earners are not complaining about the introduction of machinery that almost completely eliminates painful stooping, lifting, hauling, and shoving from their day's work.

A Shuttle Conveyor

Though the day of the conveyor has but recently dawned, a great many different types of conveying machinery have been developed, each being adapted to a particular kind of work. Here is one of the less familiar types—the shuttle conveyor. It is a belt conveyor, the frame of which is supported on wheels running on a track, so that it can be shifted lengthwise. The belt can be run in either direction. The material is received from a feeder at the middle of the length over which it is to be distributed. The conveyor can be adjusted to deposit material at any desired point, or it can be made to run continuously back and forth, reversing automatically



Photograph from Brown Hoisting Machinery Co.

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Shall Advertising Be Given the Air?

By O. E. DUNLAP, JR.

An article by the radio editor of the New York "Times" which clearly defines a significant development of radio broadcasting. It is something for radio fans to watch

BROADCASTING is fast becoming commercialized, and the trend in that direction is one of the chief subjects under discussion at the fourth annual Radio Conference, which Secretary Hoover called to meet in Washington during this week.

Mr. Hoover told the delegates to last year's conclave that the quickest way to kill broadcasting would be to use it for direct advertising, but to-day advertising motives are the incentive behind most of the attractive features on the air. Radio impresarios admit that the desire to place the names of firms and products before the public is responsible for bringing the world's greatest artists and musical organizations before the microphone.

The advertiser pays for the facilities of the broadcasting station, and he must hire the artists to perform for him. The stations seldom pay the entertainers. There are also cases where stations do not charge for use of their transmitting equipment, but the advertiser provides the programmes. The former class of station is known as a toll broadcaster.

There are hundreds of radio entertainers who are prompted to actuate the microphone because of personal publicity, or with the hope that they will attract attention and be hired to broadcast under the auspices of an advertiser. Radio entertainers who give up an evening or an afternoon for the novelty of having friends hear their voices over a wide area are now in the minority.

In some cases an advertiser is satisfied and feels that his efforts have been rewarded if his name is mentioned a certain number of times throughout the programme, but lately some of the announcers have ventured further. They tell the name of the concern under whose auspices the concert is broadcast, and then they tell what wonderful values in price and quality can be obtained at such and such a shop. Then they reveal the location of the store and invite all broadcast auditors to drop in and inspect the goods when in the neighborhood.

But how do the advertisers reap a benefit? The incentive promoting some of the morning setting-up exercises and health talks are radiated with the hope that they will serve to prolong life, so that insurance companies will benefit by having more paid-up policies, before the policy-holders pass on to the undiscovered country. It is estimated that over 100,000 take these early morning exercises, directed by radio, and it is reported that one instructor who gives the count to the microphone every morning receives $15,000 a year, so important is his work considered.

Talks to housewives in many instances include recipes for preparing delicacies for the table, and of course each one requires that a certain brand of flour or foodstuffs be used in the cooking.

Authors broadcast so that listeners will become acquainted with their names and books. This is the case in some broadcasts for children, and it is said to create a demand for the books. College professors often go on the air with a series of educational broadcasts in order to stimulate an interest in the subject on which they have written books, and the announcer releases the news that a syllabus covering the professor's series on the air has been prepared and can be obtained for a definite sum.

Broadcasts by moving-picture theater orchestras and artists are primarily for attracting the public to the box-office. Dinner and dance music from hotels is generally radiated with the hope that it will attract the listeners to dine there, or when out-of-town listeners come to the city they will have the desire to stay at the hotel they have tuned-in so often on the radio, or they may wish to dance in the grill or night club whose orchestra has entertained in their home miles away.

Bridge lessons are the latest innovation on the air, and the promoters undoubtedly hope that this particular broadcast will stimulate greater numbers to play auction bridge, and thereby create a larger demand for playing cards.

Travelogues are wafted into space from the aerial wires so that touring agencies will be better known and people will be encouraged to travel, enticed to do so by the beautiful descriptions of foreign lands, mingled with the native music and folk-songs. Several automobile concerns do likewise to encourage travel over the motor highways, but of course in a certain make of car. Municipalities tell of their charms and the reasons why tourists should make those particular localities stopping-places on the itinerary.

When advertising over the radio first appeared, there was some protest, but most of the leaders agreed that the best solution would be public opinion. There has been little protest on the part of the public, probably because the advertisers have improved the quality of the programmes and the advertising has been tactfully shielded so that it does not dominate the entertainment value of the broadcasts. The listeners do not seem to object if an advertising trade name or the name of a manufacturer is grafted to an orchestra or a particular hour of broadcast entertainment.

It may make an evening of revelation to listen in to some of the big broadcasters, almost any evening and jot down the number of events promoted for the benefit of advertising or publicity. The auditor will find that advertising lurks in the ether channels and that for some time radio programmes have imprinted certain names on the minds of listeners, who have unconsciously accepted them because the incoming waves were sugar coated with advertising.

Stop and think. Did you ever buy a radio battery because you knew its name better than all others, or a washing powder because you liked the twins you heard on the radio by that name? Did you ever buy a box of candy because you tuned in two boys who radiated happiness once a week through your loud-speaker? And if you listen you will hear quartettes, duos, orchestras, bands, and soloists on the air bearing the names of tooth-paste, fountain pens, pianos, musical instruments, tires, radio sets, soap, furniture shops, dry-goods stores, automobiles, theatrical productions, shoes, books, jewelry, clothing, typewriters, lunch-rooms, magazines, and newspapers.

Various musical funds have been attempted as a means of supporting broadcasting, but all have failed because the public did not respond and contribute. One of the biggest attempts sponsored by prominent bankers and business men fell flat and the money was returned to subscribers because the contributions were scarcely enough to pay one or two Metropolitan Opera stars to broadcast a single concert.

Then the advertisers saw their opportunity, and when the stations opened the door they walked in. Several managers

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offered the facilities of their transmitting apparatus and hired solicitors to bring in business for their ethereal channel, so that their efforts in broadcasting would no longer be for the love of the thing but for money. The public wondered why any concern in no way allied with the radio industry should find an advantage in providing radio entertainment and in some cases pay as high as $3,000 to $5,000 for broadcasting an hour's programme. Surely they were mad! But to-day there is so much advertising material passing through the ether, seeking loudspeakers from coast to coast, that the method in their madness is clearly apparent. And it costs money to weave a name through space so that it will enter millions of homes.

The following prices have been verified by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company: Station WEAF, New York, $500 an hour, $312.50 per half-hour, and $195.35 per quarter hour; Philadelphia, WFI or WOO, $200 an hour; Pittsburgh, WCAE, $200 an hour; Washington, WCAP, $150; Buffalo, WGR, $200; Boston, WEEI, $250; Providence, WJAR, $250; Cleveland, WEAR, $150; Cincinnati, WSAI, $200; Detroit, WWJ, $200; Davenport, WOC, $150; Worcester, WTAG, $150; Minneapolis-St. Paul, WCCO, $250; and St. Louis, KSD, $250.

The gross charge per hour, using the thirteen-station American Telephone and Telegraph hook-up above mentioned, is $3,000 per hour. Talks are limited to ten minutes, and are assessed at half the hourly charge. Broadcasting music or entertainment for half an hour is one-half the hourly charge, plus 25 per cent. In addition to paying for the station's facilities the advertiser must pay the artist, which in the case of some stars runs at least $1,000 for a single radio performance. As John McCormack said, "I'm a business man. I never said that I would not sing over the radio. I will sing when they come to me with a business proposition."

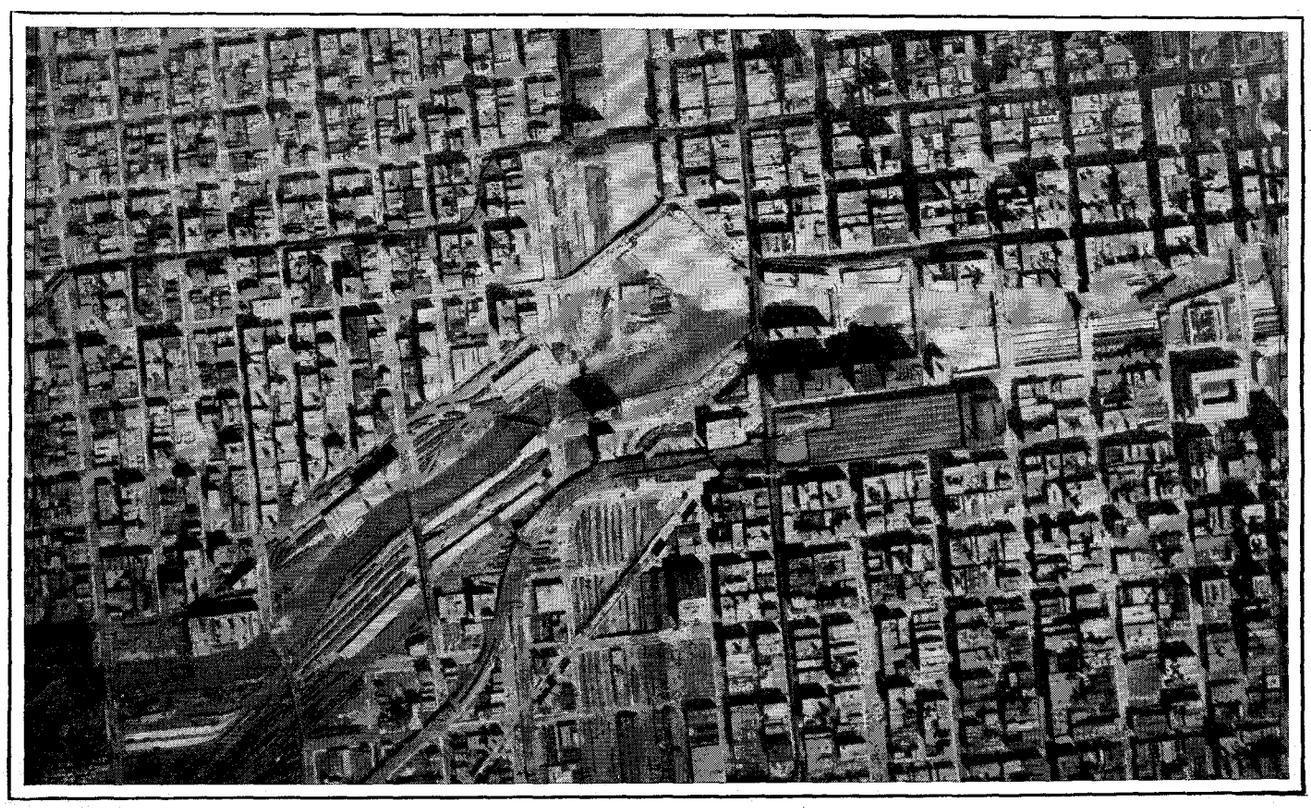
The Air Service Serves

By WILLIAM C. GREGG

Mr. Gregg tells of some of the practical work accomplished by our aviators during the past few years. Here is an article on aviation outside the realm of propaganda and opinion

THE knockers of our Air Service have had their say. Now let us put away our emotions and prejudices and look at some of the facts.

For five years the Geological Survey has been borrowing four or five airplanes a year from the Army and Navy to make photographic maps of the United States. Their photographs cover every square yard of the surface they fly over, and their total work for 1925 alone will equal an area about the size of Pennsylvania. To fly over and photograph every square yard of the State of Pennsylvania in one season is some job. Airplane map-



A section of Chicago. This photograph contains details which no hand-made map could include, the most prominent of which is the exact depiction of the filth and pollution in the Chicago River

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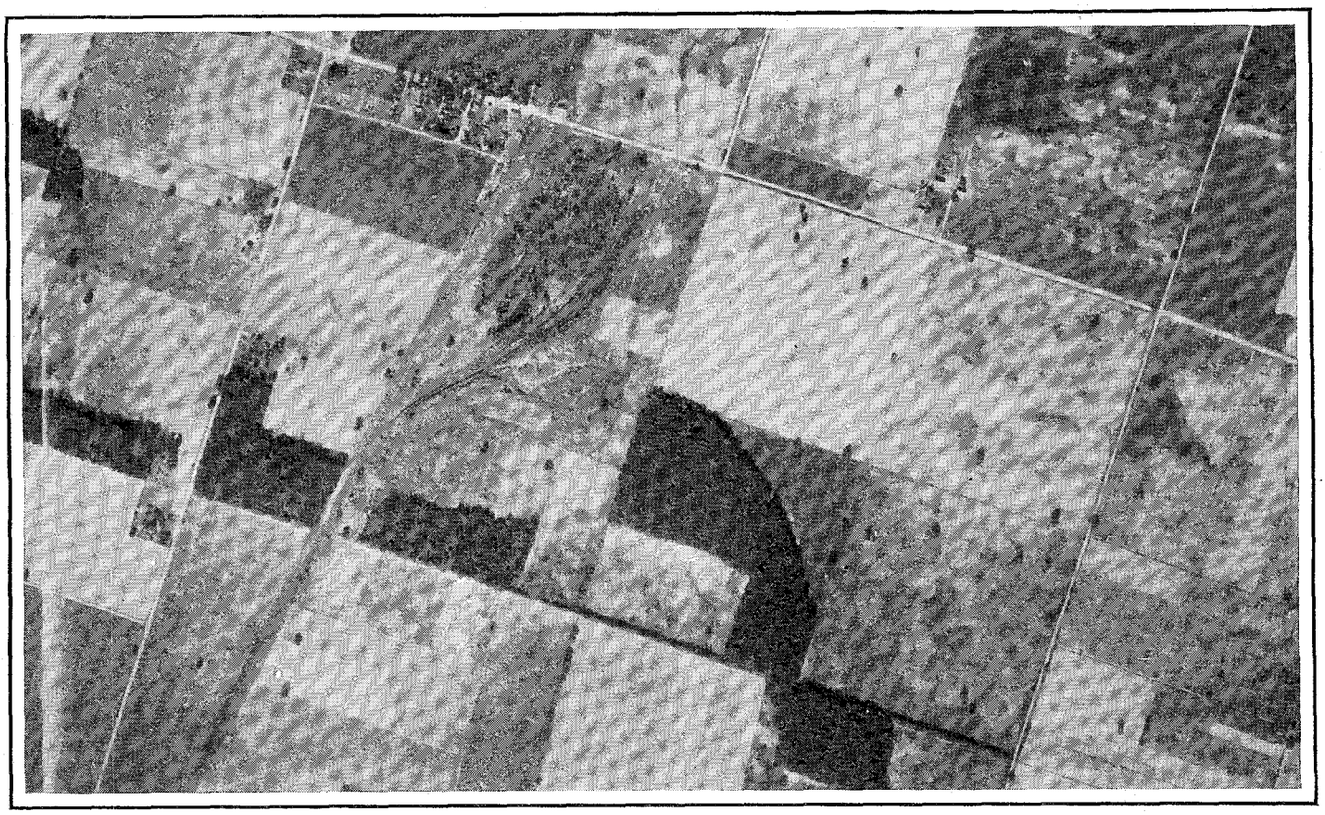

A valuable record of farm boundaries, even fence posts show up in the enlargements

making commenced in 1920, and has been steadily increasing.

I asked Colonel Glenn Smith, of the Geological Survey, how many deaths and accidents had occurred over the five-year period. His answer is amazing: "No deaths and no accidents." (The Colonel rapped gently on the wooden table.)

The Forest Service also uses airplane patrols to report forest fires. This work has been going on for the last few years. The flying has been done both by the Army and its own men, but all with Army planes. This year they are using nine machines in three different districts. So far one district reports 83 flights, averaging five hours each in duration. Mr. Kneipp, acting Forester, wrote me, October 20: "During the year's operations (1925) not a single man was killed or even seriously injured. While there were several forced landings, there were no serious accidents to men or machines." I understand the same is true of previous years. The Coast and Geodetic Survey has used Navy machines since 1920 in making photo maps of harbors. One recent job was photographing the delta of the Mississippi River where it spreads out like a great fan into the Gulf of Mexico. The Survey Bureau does not know of any serious accidents in previous years. It reports further on 1925, "The total time of the parties in the field aggregated approximately five months;" the flying "has been completed for this Bureau by either the Army Air Service or the Naval Air Service without casualties as far as this Bureau has any knowledge."

The Post Office Department has run an Air Mail Service since 1918. Here is the record:

Year Ending July 1	Miles Flown	Men Killed	Seriously Injured	Planes Crashed
1918	16,009	0	0	0
1919	166,843	3	1	13
1920	653,764	9	2	33
1921	1,819,978	17	3	56
1922	1,629,250	1	4	17
1923	1,644,457	4	2	12
1924	1,590,425	4	6	14
1925	2,160,022	2	5	12
Total	9,680,748	40	23	157

The *killed* include 9 passengers and 2 on the ground.

The *seriously injured* include 16 on the ground.

The average miles flown are three hundred and thirty thousand to one dead aviator.

I don't at all believe that flying is as safe as automobiling, but the above mileage to one death is equal to an airplane going from New York to San Francisco one hundred times.

This record of the fliers of the Post Office Department is one to be proud of. Last year was their best, with over two million miles flown and two deaths. If you examine this table carefully, you will see that 1920 was their worst year considering miles flown. You will also see that in 1925 they have decreased their accidents while increasing the flying over the year 1924. Their main line is between New York and San Francisco. They go over the same territory regularly. They gradually improve their practice and systematize their inspection and repairs. They eliminate as much as possible the experimental element. But woe to aviators who get drunk or careless, or even just overconfident! Theirs is a dangerous business.

Every flier must have—
A sure running motor in
A never failing airplane,
Reasonable weather,
Natural or artificial light,
A good landing-place,
And be himself 100 per cent efficient—

that is, if he follows the business and dies of old age.

The Army and Navy are running two experimental aviation departments. We could of course stop that hazardous business, with its necessary loss of life. We could also close down the other activities of the Army and Navy. But the American people know that experiments must be made in order that we may live in this uncertain world with a certain power of self-defense.

I have great respect for constructive criticism, but little patience with the constant fault-finder, who becomes disgustingly intemperate when the delayed

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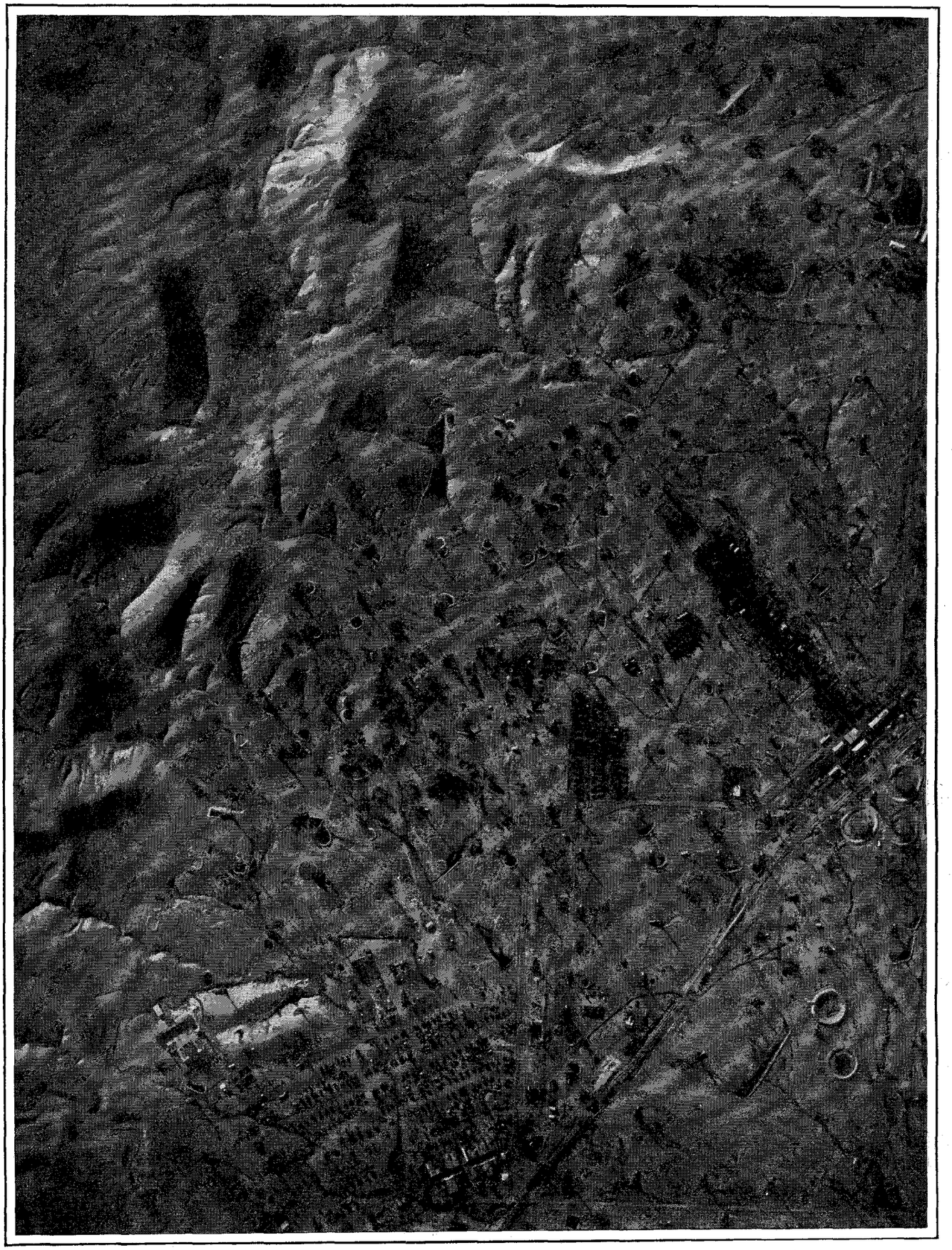

The Oil Industry at Elk Hill, California

Note the desert, the oil wells, and the storage tanks. A fine army photograph at twelve thousand feet up

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but inevitable accident happens. Colonel Mitchell seems to belong to this class. If he were made the high cockalorum of everything in aviation—Navy, Army, Post Office, Forestry, and Map Making—I suppose we would have a Mitchell millennium. He would, of course, handle equally well the hundreds of thousands of miles of flying that are *now* made *without fatality*. Do we think he could handle all the rest without fatality? Of course not. But, if he admits that accidents would happen in the best Mitchell regulated aviation families, what guaranty have we against more accidents than we have at present? Nothing but his more or less plausible comments on past accidents. But isn't that hindsight criticism? Does he think that his mere appointment to absolute control of United States aviation would reduce life insurance rates on his aviators?

Aviation is very new. When it becomes as old as politics, we shall be able better to measure *promise* and *performance*. In the meantime, why not express a little appreciation of the progress we have made and are making under the present administration and its various departments? Let us keep in mind that the airplane is becoming a machine, like an automobile, but to be handled as yet by experts only. Why may not each department of the Government buy its planes as it now buys its trucks and run them both? We may have a general production and repair department, but why "unified command" over airplanes any more than over automobiles?

Lest We Forget

By Elizabeth Washburne Wright

HERE is a story of the siege of Verdun—a story to make men and women live again through those hours of Armistice Day when the glad word went out that "Cease firing" had sounded.

THE moon is nothing but a cinder—so they say—a dead thing dragging terrifically in the wake of the earth. To walk across those blanched and lifeless plains or upon the brittle crispness of its high places is a thought cold as death and not to be entertained.

Walking about Verdun that night was like exploring the cinder-strewn expanses of the moon. All the bellows in the world could blow until they burst, and there would be nothing but the scattering about of cold ashes. The heat and life had gone forever. To be a living thing venturing there was an effrontery. There was that in the atmosphere that pushed one back, with a not too gentle hand—something silent, somber, and resistant. One advanced with reluctance and hesitation.

The silence was overwhelming. There were no lights in the town, and no moon. But against the bright blackness of the sky was a ragged silhouette of broken walls looming high, and through empty window sockets the stars were shining as from an immeasurable distance. The way was strewn with bricks and plaster and fallen masonry. Verdun drew her remaining rags about her, victorious but utterly spent, and brooding and morose.

We groped with our feet along the cobblestones, as though following a trail. At the end of the long dark street, at an immense distance, broke a shaft of yellow light. There were people passing, stumbling with us in the darkness and speaking in low tones. The sense of what had been was overpowering. We went whispering in the face of it, our spirits crushed as under a colossal weight. Skulking so, we came to the low doorway whence fell the light. It was a dim place, after all—a cellar left intact under the wreck of a house. There was no welcome for us; a scant direction to follow the passage, which was brick and low and smoke-stained. This ended abruptly in a small room like a cage, without windows, so far as we could see.

A DEATHLY silence met us. Around a bare table sat a perfectly motionless company. A candle in a shallow tin hung from the low ceiling. It threw long, crooked shadows. It was a menacing scene, and strangely dramatic. Three gaunt women in black veils sat side by side. Their faces were the color of tallow, like the candle above them. Their eyes stared at us without seeing. In some way their three shadows shrouded in veils were cast on the ceiling directly above them. A soldier and a very old man sat beyond. In the distance somewhere, infinitely remote, sat other shadows. There was not a word—not a breath—not a movement. We sat palsied in the midst of this mute and striking scene. Finally bread was served, and cheese, and yellow wine in a glass decanter was passed in silence down the long board.

They had come, these women, to find their dead. They lay there somewhere in the plain about Verdun. It seemed very near, with only the wall between. After the long waiting, the barrier was down. The tension, the noise, the haste, the grime, and the blood had all faded away. In their place the silence had come, and the gloom and the paralyzing languor. One could at last pass this way. The gate to France was open—mutilated France—marred beyond recognition, utterly benumbed.

We crept away once more in silence down the long dark street. We passed over the drawbridge and beyond the walls of the town. There was not a soul to be seen. We spent the night in an empty railway carriage in the station. Verdun lies high, guarding the passes in the hills. The air grew chill and very thin, with the freshness of mountain air. An old lopsided moon rose late and shone into the windows of the car. The world outside lay bathed in a great luminousness. The familiar dipper mounted high in the sky, swinging over that silent but indomitable fortress, and over the great battlefield where lay the unmarked graves of thousands and hundreds of thousands of men. The cold silence was all-surrounding, a silence cutting like knives. They were sleeping about us and forever—those men. So near they were and so recent the sleep that it seemed almost that one could hear them breathe and stir. And from their immense distance the stars shone down upon them in silent and silver benediction.

In the morning we saw the German prisoners marching in squads about the town—amazingly blond, very young, with raw, bold faces. They were clad in old French uniforms dyed a bottle-green, and on their heads were the little Boche caps with faded red band. They looked sturdy and ruddy and well fed.

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They stared with an unrestrained and curious insolence. It was their business to clean up the ruin they had wrought. They were piling fallen bricks in rows—thousands of bricks—and shoveling mortar and digging at the mountain heaps of destruction.

We passed out of the town in a heavy lorry, and there gradually unfolded before us that colossal graveyard or battlefield of Verdun. It stretched before us first as an empty plain, and then it became as a great sea of lava, cooled off suddenly and gray and irregular. The look of it was leprous and unhealthy, full of extraordinary indentations and sudden craters. At first were trees, but withered to the roots and standing at preposterous angles, the dry gray splinters of them making sharp silhouettes against the sky. Then there were no trees at all.

Everything that was green had vanished, and there lay before us great stretches like the alkaline deserts of the Far West. Rude crosses appeared in the ditches by the roadside, in the hollows and sudden upheavals. Burst bombs and sleek heavy shells still unspent were in the fields where they had fallen. Hand grenades, round and black, lay together in the hollows like eggs in a nest.

By degrees the setting of this colossal stage began to take shape. The amazing camouflaging—the roads that were not roads, the infinite labor of screens and curtains fashioned of boughs and branches that hid the endless trail of life flowing from the fortress to the distant trenches. The cunning and the tireless effort—rocks that were men, and men that were rocks. Cannon that were spattered and splashed to lie like fallow deer hidden in a network of green, as shrinking creatures of the forest might lie with beating hearts, till suddenly with breath of flame to bark out death. They sprawled there in their death throes—wheels in air—their once smoking muzzles buried in the earth.

The screens of rushes that so long had sheltered the passage of the troops were torn and bleached by months of rain and sun. They swung back and forth on the long stretching wires as clothes on a line. It was like a colossal and diabolical workshop turning out toys for some atrocious game. Here at last the secrets were laid bare—the make-believe, the trickery, the fiendish success. These things were an amazement and every moment in the front of one's mind. This extraordinary race of beings bending of a sudden all their talent and ingenuity into the distorting and masquerading of nature into a game of death. A host of men who but now had moved across that leprous plain, who had traveled into regions and experiences totally strange and incomprehensible and apart. Behind was left their playground and their workshop, the tools laid down. It was as if something paralyzing, some great elemental force, had swept across that blistered field, had caught and crystallized a great game in full swing, had petrified its action.

It was an empty world for leagues about—not a bird's note, not the whimper of a beast. It was incomprehensible. One looked afar over the undulations of that vast plain—there was not a breath. And yet everywhere was the evidence of intense action, of energy and frenzied haste; all the marks of human and recent habitation. Never was an empty desert so teeming with life—the passionate effort and the madness, the surging forward and the shouting, and the intolerable pushing back with the rage and the stumblings and desperate sobbing, the coughing sighs, and death.

One's ear-drums were splitting with the burstings and the tumult and the roar, and the sibilant whistling past of death. One walked unsteadily up and down the gray craters, what with the rocking and the roar. And always was the mirage hanging hazy as a cloud above the plain—the extraordinary illusion of the presence of millions of men in the smoky blue fading off into the sky-line or slipping low upon the earth in khaki color—like mud. There were an uneasiness and a bewilderment—of not seeing, but feeling very distinctly, the soft upheaval and movement of the earth, of the consciousness of men under one's feet terrifically digging with smothered and imperceptible noises, deceptive and to be confounded with the mysterious and underground stretchings of nature.

It had been thus for all those years—an empty plain for leagues about, with far in the distance and hardly perceptible the shadow of Verdun when the sun shone down in the heat of the summer or when the snow fell white and silently all day long. There was always that motionless blank plain, lying in between the town and the belching horrors of the Forts of Vaux and Douaumont.

There was nothing to be seen but the emptiness and the long wide plains stretching away to the horizon on every side—an extraordinary panorama. There was nothing at all for human eyes to detect—keen eyes with the vision strengthened by glasses of amazing power. This fight was between invisible foes. There was the element of something uncanny—of something to make one's flesh creep, to keep men's nerves perpetually on edge. Because within that emptiness upon which one gazed, where there was no motion and where no life appeared, there were, as a matter of fact, millions of men engaged terrifically in the most intensive warfare, working unceasingly as a great scientific machine with its directing force miles away—over there in the shadow against the sky-line perhaps—minds and maps which through the medium of wires underground and flashings overground directed the slightest movement of this invisible host. It was a huge and extraordinary and uncomfortable thought, something above and beyond the conception of every-day standards and thought. And the minds that directed and the men who advanced, who slept like rats in the mud under the earth or crawled inch by inch upon their stomachs in the dark of the night, to be torn by barbed wire or bayoneted or bombed by the enemy, were creatures one and all lifted above all ordinary standards, who endured beyond the endurance meted out to men and who gave their lives finally as men infinitely exalted and of a higher mind.

The story of it all lay there that day, spread out upon that leprous plain, the wreckage of that awful game. The ugly craters full of muddy water and the drowned bodies of shells dipping nose-on into the mud. The torn shoes and ragged socks, the belts and bloody bandages, the buttons and the buckles, the faded rags of uniforms bleached by the snows and the rains—a great smearing all over of human beings. And always the regiments and groups of little crosses, climbing the hills or buried in the hollows, and keeping march on either side the broad highways.

Because it was a holiday the widows had come in their long black veils, tirelessly scrutinizing the little crosses with their names and the numbers of the regiments, listening always with a great intensity for a whisper that should tell them—and sometimes finding him whom they sought. There were bare white coffins waiting along the roadside. By their weeping and drawing back and kneeling in the earth one knew they had found their men.

These were things not to be looked at. And yet as we turned to go down the steep way they were the last things we saw. The Boche with his spade—and those kneeling black figures—and innumerable poppies with petals of fine red silk blowing delicately in the wind.

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PACKARD

New Laurels!

AT *both* the great speedboat classics this year—the Gold Cup Race at Manhasset Bay and the 150-mile Sweepstakes on the Detroit River—Packard powered craft won *both first and second places.*

More!—they set new world records in both races.

Packard Chriscraft II won the Sweepstakes before the greatest crowd ever gathered to watch a sporting event in the history of the world. Nearly a quarter of a million people saw Packard supremacy proven again.

The dependability of Packard motors—on land, in the air and on the water—is continually demonstrated.

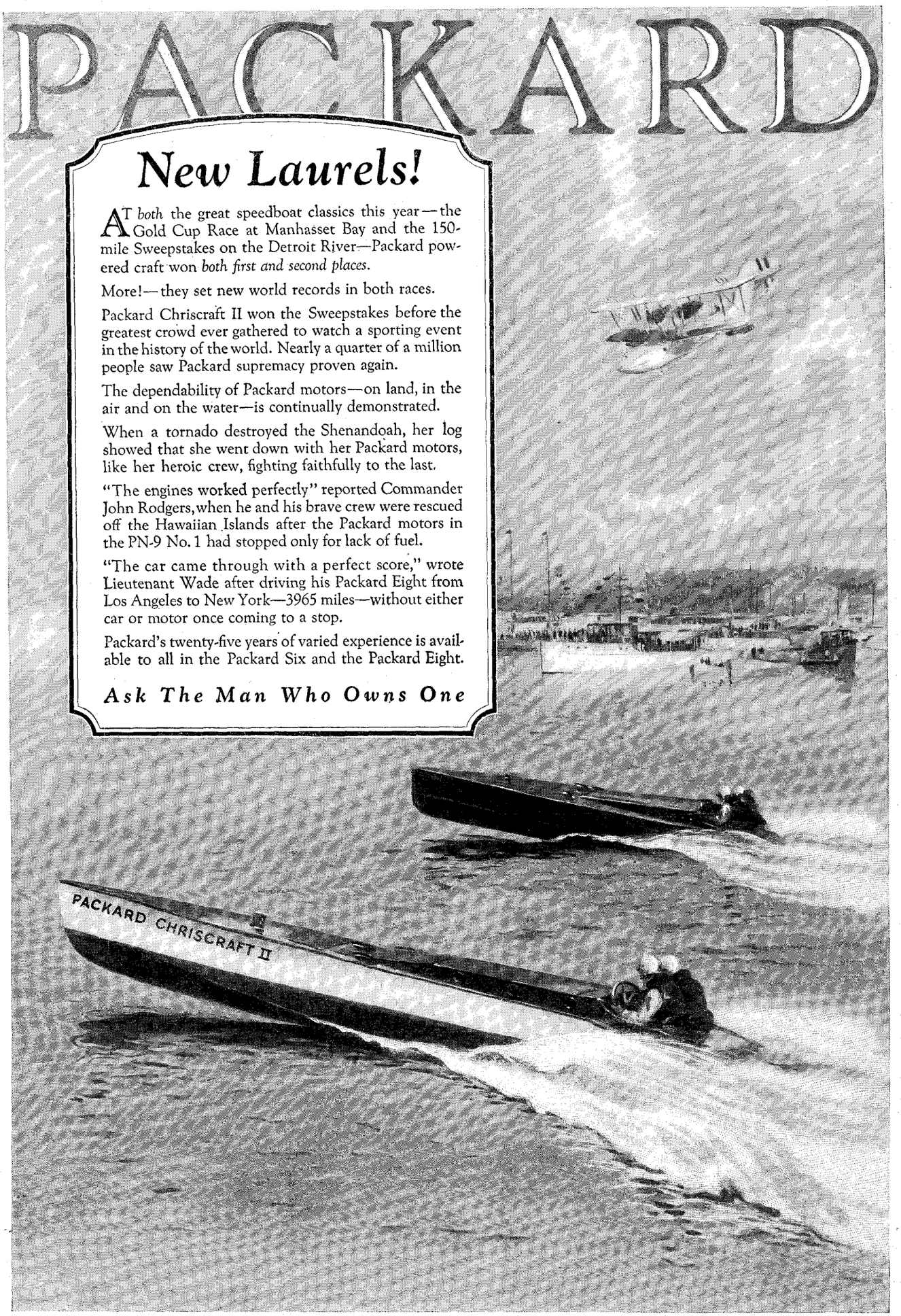
When a tornado destroyed the Shenandoah, her log showed that she went down with her Packard motors, like her heroic crew, fighting faithfully to the last.

"The engines worked perfectly" reported Commander John Rodgers, when he and his brave crew were rescued off the Hawaiian Islands after the Packard motors in the PN-9 No. 1 had stopped only for lack of fuel.

"The car came through with a perfect score," wrote Lieutenant Wade after driving his Packard Eight from Los Angeles to New York—3965 miles—without either car or motor once coming to a stop.

Packard's twenty-five years of varied experience is available to all in the Packard Six and the Packard Eight.

Ask The Man Who Owns One



Please mention The Outlook when writing to the PACKARD MOTOR COMPANY

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Wild Brother Reconnoiters

By ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

THIS particular patch of sweet-bays and myrtles was not more than a half-acre in extent; the bushes in it were rather low; and it lay in the open flat pinewoods, at some distance from any heavy thicket. Such a bit of cover usually looks tempting to a buck. Especially toward the close of the hunting season, when he is wariest, he does not care about lying in a densely thick place. He may be well concealed in such cover, but from it he cannot conveniently reconnoiter; and the business of reconnoitering is the white-tail's life insurance.

I must have walked, I am sure, within ten feet of this buck, lying couched under a fragrant canopy of sweet-bay. I did not see him. He, of course, had seen me from afar; and he did not jump when I was nearest him because, all things considered, he concluded that it was wiser for him to skulk. But when I had passed him some thirty yards he nearly scared me to death by tearing open the bays in a wild rush for liberty. The only difference between a buck doing that kind of thing and a torpedo in full flight is that one has a white tail and the other has a white head. I brought this buck down. He fell just on the edge of the patch of bays, not more than about twenty-five yards from where I had jumped him.

Two hunting comrades with me, seeing the whole performance, came crashing through the little thicket, shouting, calling to each other and to me, and otherwise making much racket. We gathered about the fallen stag, admiring him, for he was a big one, and in his prime. As a chilly rain was falling, we made up a little fire of pine knots. Then, with considerable talking and much struggle, we managed to hang up the buck. We then decided to resume our hunt. We had not taken five steps back toward the tiny thicket before I heard the bays part quietly, and I caught a glimpse of a second buck sneaking out of the cover! He was larger than the first. Instead of leaping over the bushes, as his fellow had done, he was stealing out, half crouched, under them. The old reconnoiterer had outmaneuvered us.

Despite the break made by his comrade buck with whom he had been lying, despite the sound of the gun, the shouts of the hunters, the breaking of the men through the brush quite near him, our talking the whole business over by a fire within easy gunshot of where he lay, this ancient tactician of the wilds had decided that, all things considered, it might be wiser for him to stay where he was. However, when we moved back his way he stole out ahead of us. And his strategy saved him.

This little incident illustrates a principle followed by the wildest of our animals, and to some degree by all living creatures. They make constant use of the fine art of reconnoitering. And, if I may judge by the observations of many years, deer do a lot of their reconnoitering while they are lying down. Only a few weeks ago I noticed this thing happen.

I was on a deer stand in comparatively open woods, the wind blowing from the drive to me; and I had tiptoed to this stand with especial care, so as not to let my presence be known by any deer that might be lying on the fringes of the drive. While waiting I heard a Negro cutting wood behind me in the pine forest, perhaps three hundred yards away. In due time the drivers came toward me, and when two hundred yards directly in front of me they started a stag that looked as big as a respectable ox. He had huge horns—a twelve-pointer, I judged—and he was headed straight for me. I was so well hidden that he could not possibly have seen or winded me. Yet he took only about three or four leaps in my direction. Then he halted; a moment later he dashed back through the drivers and made a clean getaway. Later, as I thought over this escape of the crafty buck, I made up my mind that he had long been listening to the sound of the woodsman's ax beyond me, and even before being startled had done enough mental reconnoitering to decide that when he left his bed he wouldn't head toward the place where the chopper was working. It is often on so slight an incident as this that the life of a wild creature depends; and he makes it his business to pause, to consider, to weigh chances, to look the landscape over. To a wild thing "Look before you leap" isn't a gentle piece of advice; it's a stern law. Indeed, it may with truth be said that most wild creatures reconnoiter their way through this world.

IT is sport to watch a fox expend the riches of his craftiness upon the matter of pauses. Scores of times I have watched foxes in the wilds, either when they were just normally moving about or when they were being pursued. A fox acts as if one enemy were just behind him and another right in front of him, and several on each side. If he comes to a slight obstruction, such as a fallen log, he will set his fore feet upon it, pause, and, enjoying the advantage of a slight elevation, will scrutinize the surrounding woods. A wild thing generally pauses at an obstacle, at a road, at a pathway, at a turn. Both a deer and a fox will usually pause at a fence, less to get a stance for jumping than just to look about. Angels are by no means (though I claim a rather desultory acquaintance with them) the only ones to fear to tread where fools rush in.

While a fox is half afraid of crossing a road, he loves to travel one, the reason being, of course, the promised security of the open stretch before him, not to mention the matter of easier going. A fox is exceedingly partial to a path also, and the fact that he shares its use with human beings appears not to disturb him in the least.

DEER have a small maneuver all their own upon coming to a road; this same performance I have seen, not once, but many times. It must be considered by them a kind of a fool's mate for a hunter, a standard trick move. To make the business concrete, I may say that early one morning I was in an old road bordered by dense thickets of young yellow pines. A hunting comrade was a half-mile off to my left. I was loitering a little at this spot, for I knew it to be a favorite place for deer to cross. Suddenly I heard the unmistakable sound of deer running. My friend must have started them. Concealing myself quickly, I waited. The pines were dewy. A warm, damp breeze was stirring. I knew my scent would carry far. On came the deer. Within twenty yards of the road they stopped. I could manage to see their legs and breasts, but not their heads, and I was in quest of horns. Mine was strictly a stag party. For two full minutes they thus stood. Then they separated—parted company to cross the road—"split for the road," as some old hunters say. Almost at whirlwind speed they crossed the road, and almost a hundred yards apart. I got one of them; at least I shot him as he leaped the road, and followed his track, to find him three hundred yards farther on. But before I found him I discovered that the two bucks had come together again. And

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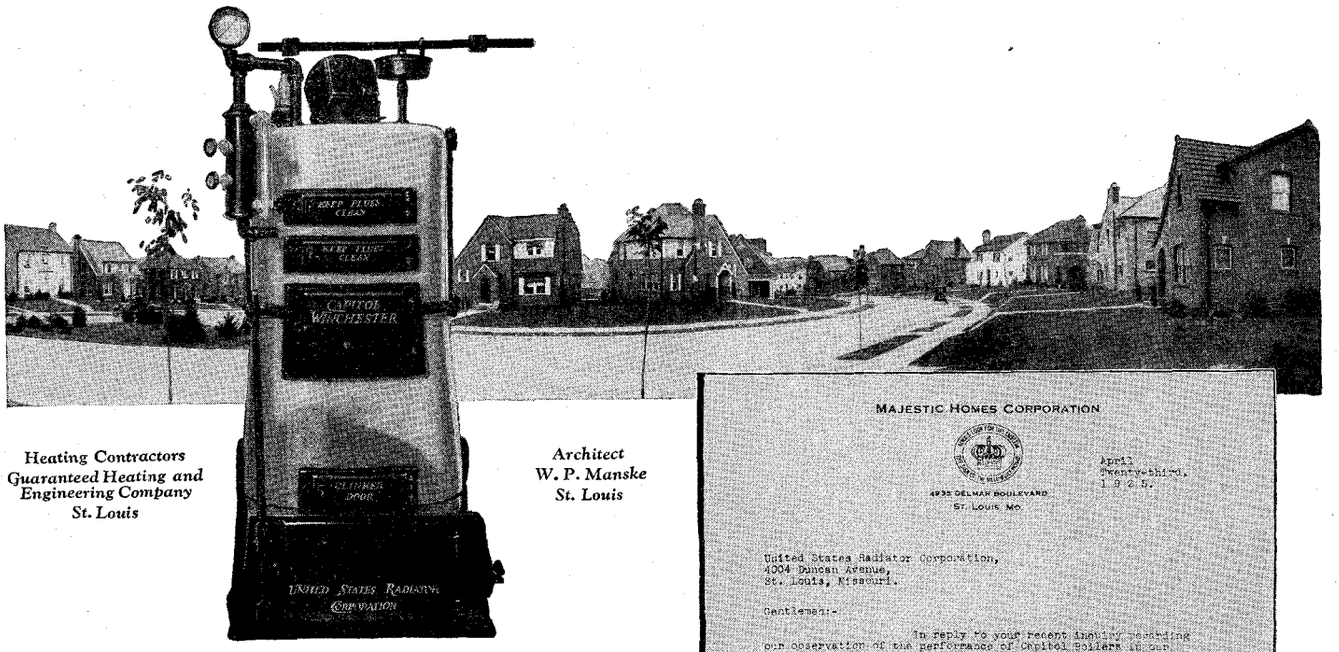

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UNITED STATES RADIATOR CORPORATION
General Offices. Detroit, Michigan

MAJESTIC HOMES CORPORATION

4935 DELMAR BOULEVARD
ST. LOUIS, MO.

April Twenty-third, 1925.

United States Radiator Corporation,
4004 Duncan Avenue,
St. Louis, Missouri.

Gentlemen:-

In reply to your recent inquiry regarding our observation of the performance of Capitol Boilers in our building operations, we are glad to be able to inform you that at the present time there are over 150 installations of Capitol Boilers in Majestic Homes. The results with your heating plants in the past have been entirely satisfactory, as we have had no single instance of complaint made yearly by our home purchasers. In fact, the satisfaction has been so marked that we have on record a number of voluntary expressions of appreciation.

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The Majestic Homes Corporation, being perhaps the largest builder of fine homes in the middle West, feels that it cannot afford to take any chances with any other but the best of equipment in every line, and in using Capitol Boilers and United States Radiators, we feel that we are using equipment which is in keeping with the high standard of building which we maintain.

Wishing you continued success, we remain,

Yours very truly,

MAJESTIC HOMES CORPORATION,
Albert A. Clayfield
Vice-President.

AAA:MR

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Phoenix
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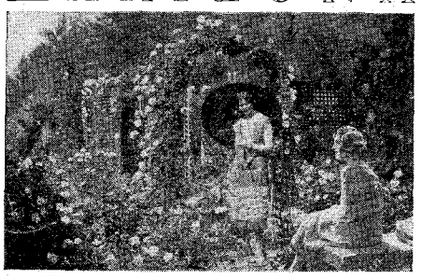

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that is what they generally do after parting company to cross a road. One may say to the other, "Do as you please, old man, but I'm going this way." Yet they have a date to meet a few hundred yards across the road. A doe and a buck will sometimes have this kind of an arrangement, but two old stags generally act better thus in concert. Repeatedly I have seen the same maneuver executed, always with the utmost felicity of precision. It is not the "magic hand of chance" that directs such stratagems. It is high intelligence, trained to act swiftly and deftly in moments of peril.

IT appears to me that if any D. S. O. decorations are to be given for reconnoitering, the wild turkey will get his. His whole existence is one long reconnoiter, just a continuous scouting party. Outrageous fortune has dowered him richly; his size, his splendor, and the ravishing flavor of his flesh have made man covet him with a mighty longing. He therefore, though he carries no big stick, walks very softly. The chances that he will see you before you will see him are about 1,000 to 1. And his hearing is probably keener than his sight.

I remember being in the wild woods one day near the head of a big lake. As there was much pine-mast about, and scarlet swamp-brier berries, and the sweet seeds of the lotus on the shores of the lagoon, and as the place held much virgin timber, I was on the lookout for turkeys; it goes without saying that the turkeys were on the lookout for me and for the likes of me. A flock came within a hundred yards without my suspecting their presence. Then I saw a snakelike head lift itself out of a patch of gallberries. The head and neck were as stiff as a rod; they glittered in the sunlight. Those marvelous eyes had detected a slight movement that I had made. The gleaming head was withdrawn beneath the bushes; a few moments later it reappeared nearer the edge of the copse. He was periscoping me. Of course, I tried to pretend that I wasn't there at all. But the eyes of a wild turkey are subject to few optical illusions. One long, glittering gaze the old bird gave me, then he dodged under cover, and when next I saw him he was leading the whole flock at a handsome trot directly away from me across the open woods. I saw those birds no more.

On another occasion, early one warm November day, I was on the side of a big wooded gully in the mountains of southern Pennsylvania. It was good turkey country. The original timber had been cut away some thirty-five years before, and the second growth had attained fine size. Many of the ancient trees that the lumberman had rejected offered ideal sites for turkeys to roost. Wild grapes were plentiful that year; there were some chestnuts; and the bottoms of all the gullies had growths of greenbrier, teaberries, and the like, bearing food in which turkeys delight. I was lying on the ground in the sunshine, basking in the warmth of it and marveling at the lingering beauty of the tattered woodland. The world was so still that I could hear the fall of a damp leaf on the far side of the gully. Stalking game is not always strenuous work; there's the kind of stalking here described: to loaf at ease and "invite your soul," and at the same time to feel that very likely you are doing the very best thing to afford you a chance at a bearded gobbler. The real way to stalk a wild turkey is to let him stalk you.

After a half-hour or so I heard a step just over the brow of the ridge beyond the gully. It might be a man I knew, it might be a gray squirrel (yet the squirrel can soon be distinguished by the *jumps* he makes in the leaves), it might be a ruffed grouse, or it might be the visitor I was prepared to welcome. In a few moments more I saw the sun suddenly catch a shimmering object on the crest of the ridge. It was a wild turkey. He was coming over the top, headed straight for me. In the full sunlight, on a hillside comparatively bare, he would make his approach. It was an unusual opportunity to discover just how a wild turkey when alone behaves when he is without special apprehension.

The great bird's extraordinary deliberateness was incredible. He appeared as much at his ease as a wild turkey is capable of becoming. I noticed that his feathers were all fluffed out and his wings and tail were much relaxed. He came down the slope at an angle, so that he had visibly to foreshorten the leg that was up-hill. The down-hill leg was lifted and placed down with considerable gingerly care, as if he did not want to dislodge anything. Once or twice I saw him try one footing, withdraw his leg, and then set his Number 10 on a firmer place. All this was so much like the behavior of a somewhat timid human walker on a slope that it was very appealing and interesting. At the same time I had a large silver watch in my pocket that emitted a most stentorious tick. I timed the turkey's walking by the ticks of the watch. The slope was approximately seventy yards long, and, since he negotiated it at an angle, he covered probably eighty-five yards. As nearly as I could tell, it took him seven

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minutes. At that rate, he would take seven hours to go a mile. But it is not always that a turkey puts on four-wheel brakes. I think he can do a mile in three minutes, running, and in little more than a minute when flying.

I remember on one occasion breaking the tip of a turkey's wing as he came flying out to me when I was on a deer crossing. Once on the ground, he began promptly to lower Man o' War's colors. I laid down my gun and gave chase. The Bible quaintly tells us that our Creator takes no delight in the legs of a man; mine certainly seemed futile on this occasion. I determined to try a ruse. I stopped. So did the fugitive, and skulked under a vine-draped log. Advancing stealthily, I saw myself transfixed by two sparkling black eyes. In another moment the bird was again rocking off like a race-horse through the forest. At last, while jumping a log, the wounded wing became twisted, and, thus handicapped, the great bird slowed down. I caught it, but I didn't feel very gallant. The race in that instance was not to the genuinely swift.

I HAVE mentioned roads and logs as barriers of a certain intangible but warning kind that wild creatures do not like to cross without due reconnoitering. For wild fowl and such creatures as alligators bends in creeks and other watercourses are always possible places of surprise danger; they therefore must be maneuvered with deft skill. I remember one day watching an old mallard drake, evidently a bit overanxious, approach a marshy point in a river.

I was in a blind, and he had no notion that I was near. He was all alone, and apparently was tired of solitude. He swam quite briskly up to the marsh edge, but as he got to the lee of the tiny peninsula he became dubious. He didn't know what might be behind that whispering fringe of marsh. With infinite caution he swam along the edge of the point, slowing his pace as he came to the nose of it, when he seemed to drift idly. I could see that he was peeping through the thinning fringe of the marsh. He was reconnoitering; and he was executing the business with a thrilling precision that I had to admire.

On another occasion, going down a straight stretch of the river, drifting rather idly in a canoe, I saw a pair of black ducks swim into the tide-flooded marsh and then back into the river at least twenty times, their purpose manifestly being to make sure that I was not getting too close to them. They would paddle into the sunny warm marsh, pick up, no doubt, a little feed, and then

Handkerchiefs

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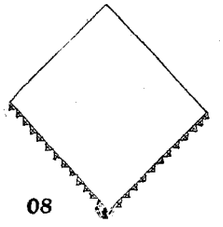
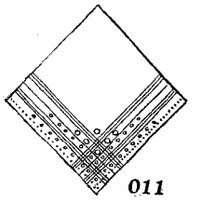


O12 — Children's solid color handkerchiefs decorated with quaint designs. 3 in a box. *85c a box*



O8—Fine Linen trimmed with hemstitching and an Armenian edge. *50c each*

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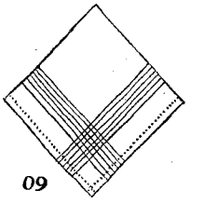

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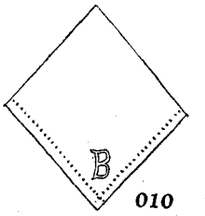
O10—Initial Linen Handkerchiefs for men with narrow hemstitched hem. *50c each*



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The Cruise of the "Scythia" has become an annual classic. In every respect it is unsurpassed. Pre-arranged shore excursions at every port included in the rate. Finest hotels and the best of everything. Unusually long stay, at the height of the season, in Egypt and Palestine.
Stop-over privilege in Europe without extra cost, returning via S.S. "Aquitania," "Mauretania," "Berengaria" or any Cunard Line Steamer.
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come swimming out to give me the once-over; while doing so they would breast the current and stare at me with a look that was nothing if it was not appraising. Satisfied with my harmlessness, they would again vanish into the marsh, only to reappear a few yards farther down. As long as I maintained a distance of about a hundred and twenty yards from them they were content, but when I saw fit to shorten it to a hundred they bade me farewell. A duck knows a good deal about gun ranges and the like.

On another day I was following a very different kind of game, the same being a twelve-foot bull alligator. While paddling up the dark and narrow channel of a long lagoon, I had surprised him sleeping on a floating island. Slithering off, he decided to swim the channel ahead of me. I paddled manfully after him, barely able to hold my own. After a quarter of a mile of this, he came to a sharp bend. Some sort of curious danger he knew was after him, and the trick of it all might be right here at this turn. He slowed his pace; he stopped; silently he went down, leaving on the lagoon's ebony waters his shape perfectly outlined in ivory-white tiny bubbles.

The alligator, like many another marauder, does most of his reconnoitering for a sinister purpose. Because he is amphibious, he is a double menace. It is nothing for him, after a brief bit of cold-eyed periscoping, to approach a hog rooting on a reedy margin. Not even a razorback schooled in the bitter lessons of experience appears capable of detecting submarine attacks. Some wild creatures reconnoiter that they may live; others, that they may kill their prey.

Of deft reconnoiterers, I believe that the Wilson snipe should hold an honored place, for much of his strategy is, like that of the ruffed grouse, executed on the wing. It is not by mere chance that he zigzags hurtlingly away from the hunter. He knows what he is about. His main purpose seems to be to dodge; but it may be that he acquires by his peculiar darting flight a more sudden momentum, just as a skater does by executing somewhat the same kind of maneuver. Practically all birds when shot at and missed will execute strategy, but only a few of the wiser ones will dodge before the gun is fired. That the snipe's manner of escape is effective may be illustrated.

One day at a big hunting club I was talking with the manager, who had invited me down for some shooting. The weather was warm; the ducks were shy, quail were scarce, the deer had retired into the deep swamp. Conditions of this sort had prevailed for a week, he told me, but he thought that he and I might manage to stir out something. Meanwhile about ten club members, most of them near-by sportsmen, were lolling on the club porch.

"I'm going to put just one restriction on your shooting," the manager told me with a smile. "Down in the rice field yonder there's one old Wilson snipe. For heaven's sake, don't kill him. He's furnished shooting for this whole crowd of men for the past week, and I think he's good for another."

But it is not to be supposed that only the lordlier creatures of the wild practice skillful reconnoitering. A rattlesnake, I think, is as careful a mover as either a deer or a turkey; indeed, lacking the major resource of speedy flight, he invariably exercises what may at first sight seem like prodigious care. An anecdote will illustrate what I mean.

As I sat one day on some old slabs of pine near the site of an abandoned sawmill, my attention was attracted to a curious whispering sound in a bushy watercourse close by. The woods were still; the world seemed taking a siesta. The penetrant, insistent sound continued. It had something rasping and scaly about it. Of course it was a snake.

The rattler—for such it was—insinuated himself with the utmost care through the thicket; but he was coming out on the little slope on which I was sitting. I saw him before he left the copse, his color striking me as rather gaudy. He was in the yellow phase, having just shed his old skin. For slowness of progress this rattler would make a turtle look cheap. Sometimes a turtle can paddle along at a pretty sprightly gait. But this old rattler had about his approach something infinitely crafty; he had the calculated deliberation of ancient guile. This regal serpent's course, as all accurate observers know, is straight; he can be identified by the track he leaves. His ribs are movable and prehensile, and under his heavy hide the rondure of their bending gives the proper purchase for propulsion. I think, indeed, that the exceptional nature of a rattler's way of locomotion prevents his going fast; he simply cannot flash away in a wild wriggle, as can the blacksnake. His engine is a one-cylinder; hence he has to watch the road with particular care.

This particular snake came, after

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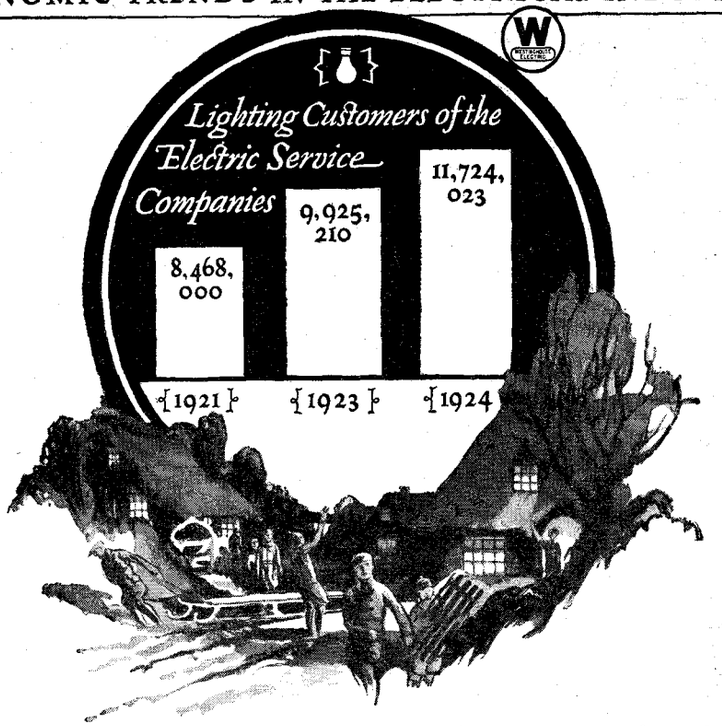
many hesitations, clear of the gall-berries and huckleberries under the shade of which he had been sequestered. He advanced toward an old sodden pine log that barred his pathway. Reaching this, he stopped. He lay so very still that I had begun to think that he was drowsing or that something had alarmed him; but then, a fraction of an inch at a time, his broad malignant head sidled over the log. It was not lifted clear of the log, but was thrust forward, clinging to the mossy bark. His head on the log, he lay still again, his gaze glittering. Rossetti described that kind of look when he wrote, "Sleepless, with cold, commemorative eyes." For a minute or two he relapsed thus on the log, reconnoitering; then he came forward slowly, his huge bulk rasping over the fallen tree. From the copse to the log was perhaps ten feet. To come from the copse to my side of the log that rattler did not take less than fifteen minutes. At such a rate, a rattler would take some five and a half days to go a mile. He is as expert in making sloth records as Nurmi is in making records of speed. However, rattlers do much traveling at night, and I believe that in the darkness they travel faster than when in the broad glare of day they are exposed to the deadly attacks of many enemies. I believe the rattlesnake travels fastest in water. He is really an expert swimmer, and his speed in that element is altogether respectable.

LATELY I was afforded a good example of the reconnoitering tactics of wild game. When the snow was very deep, I fed a covey of fourteen quail in a pine thicket by my house. I had the snow shoveled away from beneath a bushy pine and a shelter built on the north and west. Feed was scattered on the pine-straw exposed when the snow was removed. The birds soon found this refuge, with its banquet spread. I watched them at close range coming across the snow toward the shelter. From beneath the low-sweeping dense branches of pine they would step warily, turning their heads to cast looks upward for a hawk. From pine to pine they would scurry over the snow, often chittering in excited timidity. Even when feeding they were constantly alert—almost glitteringly restless, beautiful, imminent. A quail a season old knows that a wild creature has no inalienable rights. At least, if he would for a moment enjoy life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, his existence must be a continual vigil. He must watch while he is still, and before he moves he must do some able reconnoitering.

ECONOMIC TRENDS IN THE ELECTRICAL INDUSTRY



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"I have noticed," drily remarked an Illinois farmer-banker, "that no matter where I may be, it always gets dark at night. So long as this is true, people will continue to use and to demand electricity for lighting purposes."

Here, pithily put, is one reason for the growth, year in and year out, through good times and bad, of the electric light and power industry. Electric service is an indispensable service; it ranks as a necessity.

People may put up their automobiles and resign from country clubs; they may put off buying furniture or building houses; they may delay business projects. When night falls, however, they're not going to sit huddled in the darkness.

So long as life as we know it continues—so long as day is succeeded by night—so long as present sources of energy predominate—the business of the electric light and power companies should continue and expand.

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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

Books for Children

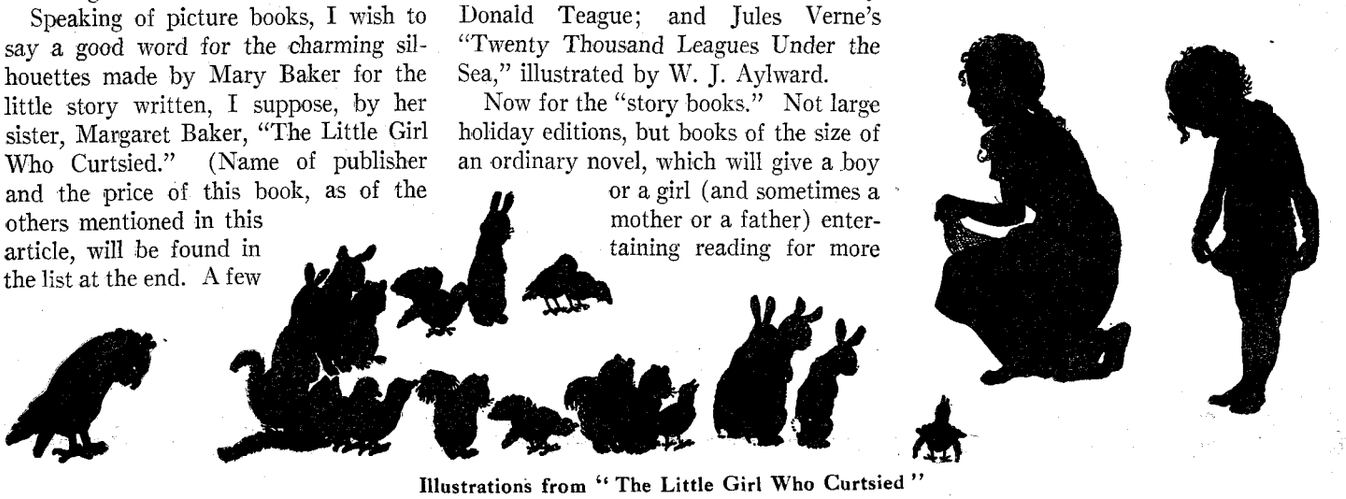
NEVER have the publishers' catalogues of children's books been more attractive than they are this year. Never have there been more books for children. Never have the new illustrated editions of old favorites been handsomer. But—and this is a perennial but—the number of new juvenile books of merit is extremely small.

The Newberry Medal, given annually to the best American book for children, has gone in the past to Mr. Hugh Lofting, a native of England; to Mr. Van Loon, a native of Holland; and it was once awarded to a native American, when it went to Mr. Hawes, after his death. There seems to be a market in America for good books for children; there seem to be publishers ready and willing to bring the books out in sumptuous fashion; but apparently the number of American authors writing such books is not large. Three notable books this year are Mr. Milne's "When We Were Very Young" (still going strong, and in a new holiday edition the year after its first publication), "The Flying Carpet," and Tony Sarg's "Animal Book." Only one of these is by an American citizen, Mr. Sarg, and he is a native of Austria. Are the American writers getting too deadly serious to make children's books except of the instructive kind? Certainly we do not find this year any native writer with the delicate humor of Mr. Milne, or any native artist with the rollicking spirit of Mr. Sarg.

Speaking of picture books, I wish to say a good word for the charming silhouettes made by Mary Baker for the little story written, I suppose, by her sister, Margaret Baker, "The Little Girl Who Curtsied." (Name of publisher and the price of this book, as of the others mentioned in this article, will be found in the list at the end. A few publishers are secretive about prices; this is a nuisance.) Some of these silhouettes are reproduced here, and I hope that Miss Baker can be claimed as American. Mr. Sarg's "Book of Animals" and his "Wonder Zoo" came in too late to have any of their pictures reproduced here, but that is a loss which will be remedied later. The old story of "The Cock and the Hen" is now retold and claimed as a Czechoslovak folk-tale, with fine illustrations in color by Rudolf Mates. "The Flying Carpet" is a handsome volume of prose, poetry, and pictures, by English artists and writers. It is certainly one of the most distinguished books for children of the year, with contributions by Thomas Hardy, A. A. Milne, Henry Newbolt, G. K. Chesterton, J. M. Barrie, Walter de la Mare, and others. In "The Lost King of Oz" are continued the stories made popular years ago by L. Frank Baum. As this is the eighteenth Oz book, it would not be strange if the well had run dry. "Skeezix and Pal" continues the adventures of this attractive dog and his owner. "Round the World with Jocko the Great" is an illustrated book of fantastic adventure; the pictures in black and white are better than those in color. "The Children of Dickens" are described by Samuel McChord Crothers, with illustrations in color by Jessie Willcox Smith. Three old favorites issued in handsome holiday editions, with colored illustrations, are Cooper's "Deerslayer," with pictures by N. C. Wyeth; his "Pilot," illustrated by Donald Teague; and Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," illustrated by W. J. Aylward.

Now for the "story books." Not large holiday editions, but books of the size of an ordinary novel, which will give a boy or a girl (and sometimes a mother or a father) entertaining reading for more than one evening. There is another book by Hugh Lofting, "Doctor Dolittle's Zoo," although the author, speaking through the mouth of one of his characters, Polynesia the Parrot, exclaims: "Is there going to be *another* Dolittle book?" It must be admitted that the fun is kept up pretty well. The pictures of the parrot, the duck, the pig, and especially the rats and mice, are very amusing and attractive. Three books of adventure for boys are Samuel Scoville, Jr.'s "The Red Diamond," Leo E. Miller's "The Jungle Pirates," and T. Morris Longstreth's "Coin and Crossbones." Others of this type include "Red Eagle Island," by Kenneth Payson Kempton; "Pirates of the Delaware," by Rupert Sargent Holland; "The Grey Gander," by John J. Sharon; and a collection of "Salt-Water Stories" retold from "St. Nicholas." "Beloved Acres," by John H. Hamlin, is a story of a California ranch. Augusta Seaman's "Bluebonnet Bend" is a mystery story for girls. "The Katharine Pyle Book of Fairy Tales" is a new collection. "The Goblins of Haubeck," by Alberta Bancroft, is reminiscent of the brothers Grimm, and is admirably illustrated by Harold Sichel. For children to whom Chinese stories would appeal there is "Shen of the Sea," by Arthur Bowie Chrisman. Four books of camp, school, or college life are "Clearport Boys," by Joseph Bushnell Ames; "Following the Trails at Camp Algonquin," by Jane Haxton, a story especially for girls; a new book by Ralph Henry Barbour called "Barry Locke, Half-Back;" and A. May Holaday's "On the Side-Lines."

Some old favorites which have been



Illustrations from "The Little Girl Who Curtsied"

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republished include "Merrylips," by Beulah Marie Dix; "Francesca at Hinterwald," by Johanna Spyri; "Trapper Jim," by Edwyn Sandys. An opera for the Brownies appears as "The Brownies in Fairyland," by Palmer Cox, with lyrics and music by Malcolm Douglas. The most popular poem in Mr. Milne's "When We Were Very Young" was "The King's Breakfast," and it now appears set to music and with full stage directions. A series called "The Little Library," published by Macmillan, includes a number of attractive books at a low price, as book prices go to-day. Among them are "A Visit from St. Nicholas," "A Dog of Flanders," a real discovery in "King Penguin," by Richard Henry Horne, and "Dame Wiggins of Lee."

There are two anthologies for children: "A Treasury of Verse for Little Children," selected by M. G. Edgar and illustrated by Willy Pogany; and a new edition of "Another Book of Verses for Children," edited by E. V. Lucas. The latter is remarkable for its fine selection of poetry and many novel items, and the book itself is admirably decorated by F. D. Bedford.

Among the books of information, one of the most interesting I have seen is "The Boys' Book of Ships," by Charles E. Cartwright. A severely practical volume is Chelsea Fraser's "The Practical Book of Home Repairs," for boys and men. "The Boys' Book of Camp Fires," by Frank H. Cheley, gives directions about camp-fire cooking and suggests games, stunts, songs, and stories for boys' camps. There are two books by Dan Beard: "Do it Yourself" and a new edition of "The American Boy's Handy Book."

For biography there is a new edition of the series called "True Stories of Great Americans," published by Macmillan. These include brief illustrated lives of men whose careers appeal especially to boys—historical characters like Daniel Boone, Davy Crockett, Captain John Smith, and John Paul Jones. Royal J. Davis has written "The Boys' Life of Grover Cleveland." If young people like to read about the lives of authors—and it may be that they do—there is "Younger Days of Famous Writers," by Katherine Dunlap Cather. A book which will please many readers is a new edition of "The Children's Bible," selected and arranged by Henry A. Sherman and Charles Foster Kent. Beautifully illustrated with half-tones and in itself a rather novel and interesting kind of children's book is Lorinda Munson Bryant's "The Children's Book of Celebrated Bridges." Information about

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some celebrated children in story books is given in "Famous Children of Storybook Land," by Laura Antoinette Large.

Since this was written, a number of other books have come in which deserve mention. "Bible Stories Retold for Children," by Eleanor Crosby Kemp, is illustrated by J. J. Tissot. A book attractive in appearance and with delicate illustrations by Robert Joyce is "The Frightened Tree, and Other Stories," by Veryl Broughton Tuttle. Five plays for children are given in the book "Fairyland and Footlights," by M. Jagendorf. A book with charming illustrations in color and in black and white is "Adventures in Our Street," by Gertrude Kay, who is also the illustrator. Padraic Colum tells the stories of the great sailors and explorers of the Atlantic Ocean in "The Voyagers." This includes the voyages of Maelduin, of Saint Brendan, of Eric the Red, and of Columbus. Another delightfully illustrated book, with many pleasing animals in color and in black and white, is "The Wishing Fairy's Animal Friends," by Corinne Ingraham. The pictures are by Dugald Stewart Walker. "Cousins," by Bellamy Partridge, is a story of boys' adventures, recommended for boys and for men. "The Happy Dragon," by A. Thatcher and C. J. Hogarth, is a book of fairy stories well illustrated by Constance E. Rowlands. "A Child's Book of Country Stories," by Ada and Eleanor Skinner, is illustrated in color by Jessie Willcox Smith. Her pictures have all of their usual charm.

Three other large and remarkably fine picture books have been received. Carveth Wells has told the story of the curious animals which he saw in Malaysia in "The Jungle Man and His Animals." These are curious creatures, but they are vouched for by the learned Dr. Lucas, of the American Museum of Natural History, and very appropriately pictured by Tony Sarg. "A Gallery of Children," by A. A. Milne, is a large book of picture-book size. The text includes fairy and

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wonder tales and stories of children, and the pictures in color by H. Willebeek Le Mair are not exceeded in beauty in any of the season's books. Thousands of children have read and continue to enjoy "The Adventures of Pinocchio." It is offered this season in a large and handsome edition, illustrated in color by an Italian artist, Attilio Mussino.

The title has been used before by Charles G. D. Roberts, but Padraic Colum's "The Forge in the Forest" is a new story founded on early legends, with illustrations by Boris Artzybasheff. A twelve-year-old boy accompanied William Beebe during part of his expedition on the Arcturus. The boy's name is David Binney Putnam, and the story of his adventures has been written by him, with the title "David Goes Voyaging." He had the opportunity, rare for American boys to-day, to see devil fish and frigate birds, divers and volcanoes, and to learn whether the equator really looks like a broad, blue line about six feet wide resting on the ocean. He had his picture taken in company with an albatross, and this and other pictures adorn this amusing book of true adventure. I hear very high praise for "The Fat of the Cat, and Other Stories," written by a Swiss author, Gottfried Keller, and freely translated by Louis Untermeyer. In fact, my informant told me that it was one of the very best books of the season. I pass this information along for those who like to read about cats. I don't. In my opinion, there are only two good cats in literature; one of them is in "Huckleberry Finn" and the other in "Penrod;" one is dead and the other is down a well.

E. P.

Children's Books Received

THE DEERSLAYER. By James Fenimore Cooper. Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO CURTSIED. By Mary Baker and Margaret Baker. Duffield & Co., New York. $2.

THE GOLDEN PORCH. By W. M. L. Hutchinson. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $2.

QUINBY AND SON. By William Heyliger. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.75.

WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG. By A. A. Milne. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2. Holiday edition, $3.

THE KING'S BREAKFAST. Words by A. A. Milne. Music by H. Fraser-Simson. Decorations by E. H. Shepard. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

THE COCK AND THE HEN. Illustrated by Rudolf Mates. Translated from Czechoslovak and published by Raf. D. Szalatnay, Czechoslovak Art and Craft, New York City.

BLUEBONNET BEND. By Augusta Huiell Seaman. The Century Company, New York. $1.75.

FAMOUS CHILDREN OF STORYBOOK LAND. By Laura A. Large. W. A. Wilde & Co., Boston.

THE BOYS' BOOK OF SHIPS. By Charles E. Cartwright. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

JOHN PAUL JONES. By L. Frank Tooker. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.

This and the five following are in the series "True Stories of Great Americans."

LA SALLE. By Louise S. Hasbrouck. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.

(Continued on page 404)

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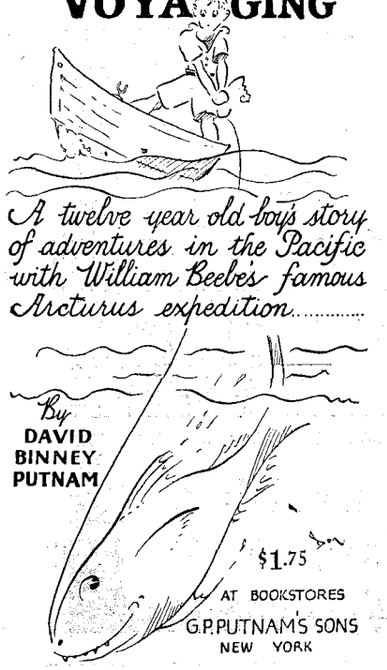
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(Continued on page 406)

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120 East 16th Street, New York City

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DAVID GOES VOYAGING. By David Binney Putnam. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Square Guys and Rounders

By Bill Adams

LITTLE MACGEE, preacher of the Gospel, was a most well-meaning, eager man. We lived in a tent on a bare hillside above the sea. It was war time. Little MacGee had his sorrows, and I had mine, and two thousand soldiers round about had theirs.

"What a field for the harvest!" said little MacGee.

Death had not yet commenced *his* harvest in the company streets.

So little MacGee went about, preaching the Gospel, singing hymns of a Sunday, and holding Bible classes—or trying to, for the soldiers in that camp were for the most part what in their own language would be known as "rounders." If you are something of a crap shooter, a poker player, if you are not averse to the merriment that comes from strong drink, if life is for you a gamble and you treat it accordingly, making merry while you may, you are a "rounder," but it does not prevent your having an honest heart and being very lovable.

Little MacGee had not been raised among rounders.

Each Sunday morning little MacGee, two other Gospelers, and I were sent forth with a handful of printed matter to hold Bible classes among the soldiers. Not being much for printed matter, it was my custom to stroll over the ridge and down to the sea beyond, and there watch the rounders frolic in the foam. When we returned, it was the head Y. M. C. A. man's custom to ask us to how many men we had talked, and what success we had had.

"Oh, I have had a splendid time," would say one; "I have talked with four groups of boys," and another would say about the same. Little MacGee, who was shy, never had much luck. As for me, I always said that I had had a very

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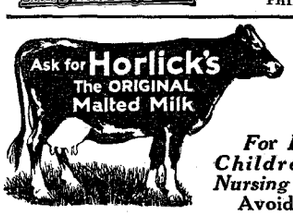

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good time and had talked to many of the soldiers—which was the truth; but the head man was not accustomed to dealing with rounders, and never guessed. Neither did little MacGee. But he was much puzzled about my good fortune, and one fine Sunday asked if he might come with me, suggesting that we join forces.

So we went to the company streets, and looked into a tent, and were at once bidden to enter and make ourselves at home; for soldiers are a long-suffering and very friendly people.

"My side-kick," said I, "is going to have a bit of a Bible class."

Little MacGee looked at me meaningly, for he had expected *me* to commence with the printed matter. But I passed the buck.

"Sail in, Mac," said I. "Tell us about it."

For half an hour little MacGee told us about one Paul. You will find him in the Acts of the Apostles. He lived a long time ago, and in his day was something of a rounder.

When, happy and bright-eyed, Little MacGee stopped, there was silence. The soldiers were lolling on their cots.

"Now, Mac," said I, "you go rustle us some ice-cream. We are all a bit dry," and, somewhat taken aback, little Mac went.

A soldier rose from his cot and stretched himself.

"Bill," said he, "who in hell is this guy Paul?"

Death commenced *his* harvest in the company streets. Flu broke out. The hospital was overcrowded, the staff too small. Often the band passed cemetery-ward, playing solemn music.

Little MacGee was grown very silent.

One day he asked me if I could lend him a razor. I had two, and did so. By his manner I knew that he did not wish to be asked what the razor was for.

A few days later I passed a ward where many soldiers lay suffering, their small comforts ill cared for. I stopped to look in. Some one paused behind me, and, turning, I saw the one who had asked about Paul. A little man with his back to us was gently shaving the face of a soldier. He straightened the sheets, shook the pillow, and passed on to the next stubble-faced lad. What more uncomfortable than bristles when one is on a sick-bed?

The soldier behind me spoke.

"Bill, *that* little guy is sure some little square guy!"

Little MacGee had dispensed with printed matter.

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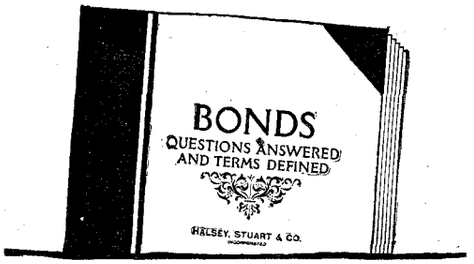

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Financial Department

Conducted by WILLIAM LEAVITT STODDARD

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. The Financial Editor regrets that he cannot undertake the discussion of more than five issues of stocks or bonds in reply to any one inquirer. All letters should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y.

The Price of Money—What It Means

MONEY, common (or uncommon) thing that it is, is something of a mystery to many of us. While the average person understands the results, if not the causes, of the fluctuations in the purchasing power of money, he is almost invariably at a loss when he hears mention of the "price of money" or money rates. Yet money rates are fundamental to an understanding of investments, and particularly of investments in bonds.

Sometimes money is said to be cheap or low; sometimes it is high. From day to day it fluctuates in greater or less degree. From year to year it swings in larger curves. The movements of money are closely watched and are reported in the press of the world. The change of a fraction of a per cent in the Bank of England's discount rate may be the leading event of the day. To the practical business man, the investor, the banker, money rates are studied and made the basis of planning and of action.

In speaking of money rates we do not refer to the legal rate for money. This is the maximum interest rate allowed by statute, and interest charged in excess of the legal rate is called usury. Incidentally, it is interesting to note that, while 6 per cent is the legal rate in practically all the Northern States, the rates in the South are 7 and 8, which fact accounts for the higher yield of certain Southern bonds.

The rate or price of money—that is, interest—has been defined as "rental payment upon money; a charge made to the borrower by the lender for the use of money." This definition leads us to see why it is that rates can fluctuate just as prices of—or rates for—other commodities and services vary up and down. At the bottom of these fluctuations lies the law of supply and demand. When there is a sharp need for renting money, the natural tendency is for the rental to rise. If the demand comes at a time when supply is plentiful, the rise will be slight and gradual; if it comes when money is scarce, it will be rapid and high. And the opposite is true under opposite conditions.

The so-called money market, in which the law of supply and demand does its work, comprises the whole world and is affected by multitudinous conditions. In the narrower sense, the money market consists of lenders, as banks, discount houses, brokers; borrowers, whether commercial, speculative, agricultural, or industrial; and intermediaries, as note and money brokers and stock exchange brokers.

Because of the varied uses to which money is put there are various kinds of loans, and hence different sets of rates or prices for money. The most familiar kind of loan to the average man is the time loan for a specified number of months, usually with the understanding that it can be renewed. The time loan is secured by sound, salable collateral. The price of such money is close to the legal rate; sometimes, when money is plentiful, below it. Then there are call loans on stock exchange collateral. These are the loans which finance stock-market trading; they are termed "call" because they may be called or terminated on a few hours' notice. Call-loan rates are lower than time-loan rates—as a usual thing. The third largest class of loans are those made by manufacturers and merchants on their notes. These are defined as "commercial paper" loans, and the rates vary in accordance with the standing of the firm and the condition of the money market. Less important to the average man, but of vast importance in the financial world, are the Federal Reserve discounts and bankers' acceptances.

Between the course of the money market and speculation and business there is a well-defined and easily recognized relationship. "For example," we read in a study made by the Harvard Committee on Economic Research, "with declining security prices, declining commodity prices, and declining interest rates, there is adequate evidence that business is passing through phase one, depression, of

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the economic cycle. In accordance with the sequence theory speculation may be expected to move up first, followed several months later by the recovery of business, and finally by the beginning of a major forward movement of money, which, of its own influence, will eventually bring to an end first the advance in security prices, and second the upswing of business, and we are again back in phase one, depression."

It is not the object of these few paragraphs to do more than suggest some of the more striking and generally admitted facts about money, its price, and the significance of money price changes. In spite of a vast amount of earnest study, the forecasting of business changes is a science that is still an infant. Contrary to theory and observed event, bond prices began to rise in 1920, although money rates were also rising. We do not know of any major exception to the other rule, namely, that stock speculation stops with rising money rates, and those who are speculatively inclined will do well to ponder this point.

The mystery about money is not such a deep mystery, after all. Any well-edited financial department of a daily paper furnishes facts and enlightening comment, so that the reader can soon become fairly familiar with the main phenomena of money price changes and their profound effect on business and investing.

W. L. S.

An unusually excellent practical discussion of investments, to which we commend readers of this department, is the series of articles now being published in "Barron's" under the title "Investing $100,000 for a Widow." The articles are prize-winners in a contest which has attracted considerable attention. The winner of the first prize assumed the case of a widow with two children, and so arranged the investments as to bring in a larger income during the educational period.

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these bonds is 4.9 per cent. The stocks comprise eleven issues, three rails, four public utilities, and four industrials. The stock investment of $39,000 (about forty per cent of the total) is divided about evenly between the eleven selections. The annual income from this investment is $2,190, or a yield of 5.48 per cent. The total investment in both bonds and stocks is thus in round figures $97,000, which affords an annual income to start with of $4,865, and this is increased by about $500 per year after twelve years. Prices of both bonds and stocks were taken as of July 3, 1925. An eighth point was added to the bond prices to cover commissions and the stocks were taken at enough over the average prices for the day to allow for commissions. Accrued interest was not figured for the bonds, but $3,000 was left uninvested, which might be used for this and for a bank account."

From Inquiring Readers

Some one out in South Dakota has asked us about the First Mortgage 7 Per Cent Bonds of the United Carbon Company, an issue of $2,500,000 of which is now being offered, dated April 1, due 1931.

Everything about the issue seems to be in excellent shape. But there is a "but" which investors would do well to keep in mind in this and in similar cases.

A high return is offered. The company is a new one, formed by a consolidation of several existing concerns. The trustee under this issue is one of the best in the country—the Guaranty Trust Company of New York, but the trustee cannot control the fortunes of the company except to a small extent. The company, being new, does not offer to investors a seasoned and conservative investment. In other words, there is here an element of risk not to be found in many issues listed on the stock exchanges or otherwise sold to the public.

Recently a reader submitted to us for review a list of some seventeen stocks and bonds, worth at par about $20,000, and requested an analysis. To inform others about the service we attempt to render in such cases, here is our first letter to him:

"Your list contains none of a speculative nature, and the great majority are clearly of an investment type. As complete information as is desirable is not available to us about the stock of John B. Steston, but I know nothing against

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it. Doubtless you are thoroughly familiar with this company.

"Your holdings are well diversified. Your $13,000 bonds are in four different classes and are evidently of a high grade of security. Some might think that in a list of this size you have too much in one stock—*i. e.*, Pennsylvania Railroad. It is an excellent stock, but you might consider at some time putting part of this money into something else. This, on the understanding that this list represents your complete holdings.

"Please realize that it is difficult for us to give you a comprehensive analysis without knowing what you paid for your securities, and, further, for just what purpose you are investing. I mean by this, whether you are investing primarily for present income or for future income; or whether you are investing, in whole or in part, to build up a fund for some specific purpose. Can you or can you not afford to take a 'business man's risk' in purchasing stocks and bonds?"

THIS department does not possess, and never has pretended that it does possess, any particular inside information about securities. Yet our readers from time to time come to us with a serious problem on their minds which they hope we will answer from such knowledge. Of course we do the best we can. What follows is our reply to one gentleman; judge by it, please, about what this department can do—and cannot.

"Your letter of recent date has been very carefully considered. We cannot advise you what to do in regard to your investments; we offer you what we believe to be facts, as follows—

"Market Street Railway, S. F., 1st Mortgage 7s, due 1940, are the obligations of the corporation which owns and operates the street railway system of San Francisco. They are a first mortgage on all the property of the system. The earnings for the past few years have shown a good margin over interest requirements.

"It is impossible to secure all the information desirable about the Consolidated 5s, due 1939, of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company of Canada. They are a mortgage on property and plant at Sydney, Cape Breton. The British Empire Steel Corporation has taken over the property and issued no separate report about it.

"As to the First Mortgage, S. F. Series A, 6s, due 1937, of the Remington Arms Company, I am informed that last year was a bad year because of the curtailed hunting season, but that the operations of the company are more profitable this

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THIS stock presents a unique opportunity. Your money is not only bringing you a safe and sure investment return, it is also being used in the most significant housing movement of the decade. Already homes for 350 families have been built at Sunnyside, Long Island City. Your money is used over and over again in building substantial homes for people of moderate incomes and sold to them on easy terms. It is probably the most intelligent solution of the high rent problem that has so far been developed.

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City Housing Corporation stock is a sound investment; 6% dividends have been paid since the Corporation was organized, and a surplus of over $100,000 will have been accumulated by the beginning of 1926.

For further information write City Housing Corporation, 587 Fifth Avenue, New York, or send in the coupon below.

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Authorized capital, $5,000,000, in shares of $100 each

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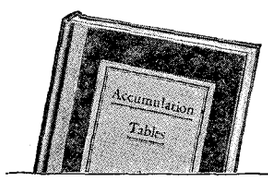

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Southern Municipal, Corporation and First Mortgage Bonds

1418 Union St., Nashville, Tenn.

OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

year. It is a high-grade bond; its present market is about 90, which is a little low for a 6 per cent bond. There are restrictions as to dividends designed to protect the bondholders.

"The 10-year S. F. 7s, due 1930, of the B. B. and R. Knight Company are quoted around 54 and 55. As you doubtless know, this concern is one of the oldest in the textile business, and is now a part of the Consolidated Textile Corporation. The security back of the bonds is a first mortgage on all the real estate and properties of the B. B. and R. Knight Company. Unquestionably they suffer from the depression in this industry, as well as from the shifting of certain types of work from North to South."

"JUST what do you mean by diversification?" readers continue to ask from time to time. One of the best answers is a specific illustration. Such an example comes in the recently published record of the securities owned by the late Senator Henry Cabot Lodge. Exclusive of real estate, the value of the property left was approximately $1,000,000. The larger items are:

864	shares General Electric,
1,240	shares Union Carbide and Carbon,
500	shares E. G. Budd Mfg.,
2,455	shares Calumet and Hecla,
500	shares Kansas City Stockyards preferred,
700	shares U. S. Smelting, Refining and Mining preferred,
200	shares American Telephone,
125	shares Edison Illuminating Co.,
250	shares Chicago Junction Railways,
50	shares American Exchange National Bank,
1,296	shares General Electric special,
180	shares Otis Elevator,
142	shares Kansas City Stockyards,
$30,000	U. S. Government bonds,
20,000	Northern Pacific bonds.

Evidently, Mr. Lodge preferred stocks to bonds, and he bought common stocks rather than preferred. The companies include most of the great groups as conventionally named. There is the automobile group in the Budd stock; mining in two stocks; public utilities in two stocks; industrial in General Electric; and how shall we classify Otis Elevator and the stockyards securities? One might question the wisdom of such large blocks, but there is true diversification here. The list is worth pondering.

"BANKERS'" shares in the Ford Motor Company of Canada continue to plague our readers. As we have pointed out before, the New York State authorities have run out of this State dealers in this dubious investment. Other States have yet to cope with it, as we note by a letter just received from a reader in Pennsylvania. This time the company which is trying to sell shares in an un-

Be On the Safe Side

BEFORE investing your surplus funds, take the precaution against loss by seeking the expert and conservative advice of your local or investment banker who will gladly serve you.

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Facts For Investors

THE OUTLOOK'S Financial Service Department is at the disposal of all Outlook readers at the nominal charge of $1 per inquiry. It is a fact-finding and reporting information service which aims to help the investor, small or large, solve his own problems. We are serving hundreds. May we serve you?

The Outlook Financial Service Department

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120 East 16th Street **New York**

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THE five reasons for the 8% rate Florida pays on first mortgage security are directly and clearly stated in a Trust Company of Florida pamphlet. We want to send this free to those who desire to investigate before they invest. Write for it today.

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doubtedly good stock at a very much inflated price is established just over the line, in New Jersey.

Caveat emptor!

SEVERAL recent inquiries of more than individual interest to the inquirer are summarized in these letters from this department:

I

"The stock of Libby, McNeil & Libby is regarded as a speculative stock at this time. American Woolen preferred is the stock of a very strong corporation. The textile industry, however, has been having difficulties, and the American Woolen Company has suffered. On the basis of the record of the last five years, its average income for the preferred has not been quite enough to pay it, and surplus was drawn upon.

"You could find a stock to invest in which would not have this element of uncertainty."

II

"The Miller Company is a sound company, and one on whose statements you can rely. We always urge our readers, when considering real estate bonds, to study carefully the description and base their judgment on such study.

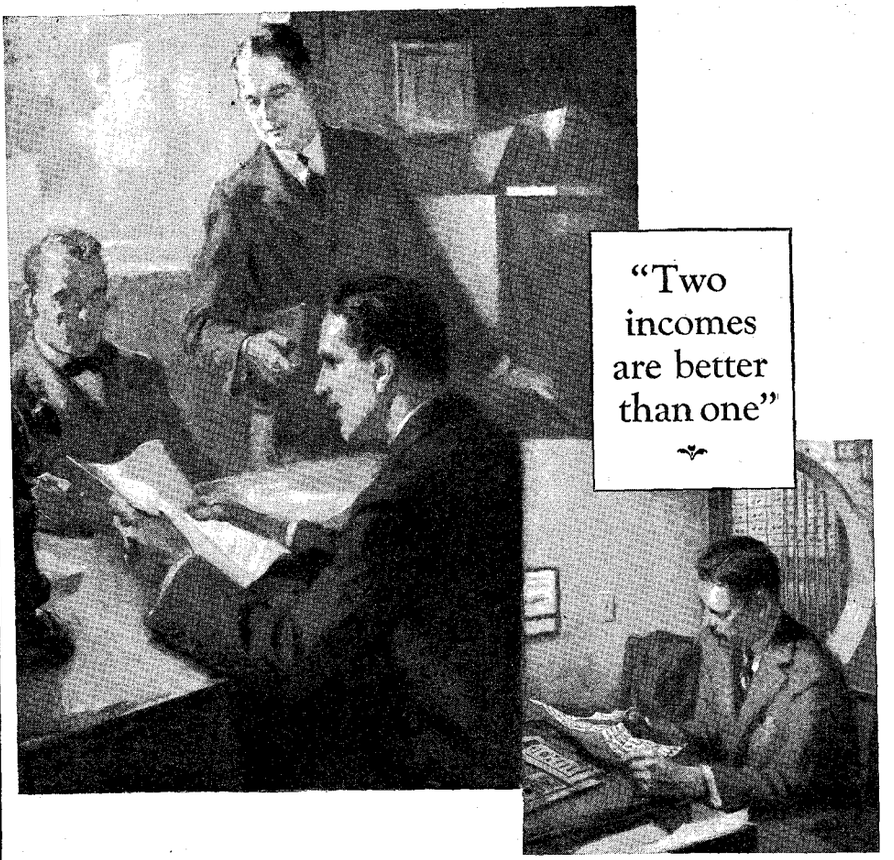
"Whether the return on Procter & Gamble common on present prices is attractive or not, it should be realized that a stock in a corporation of this kind is a partnership share in the business, with the opportunity of appreciation in value as the business grows with the growth of the country."

III

"In regard to the common stock of the Brooklyn City Railroad, this is not what we would call a high-grade investment stock. In the past the company has paid good dividends, and, of course, may do so again. If you can afford to hold a stock in which there is a moderate degree of risk, don't sell. If, on the other hand, without too heavy a capital loss, you can reinvest in something more conservative to even with less present earnings, do so."

WE erred in our issue of May 13 in regard to the inheritance taxability of the stock of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad Company. The alleged facts set forth were taken from what we considered a reliable source. But general counsel of the railroad now calls attention to the fact that several Supreme Court decisions have changed the situation in at least two States. In his statement the general counsel says :

"In fact, the only States which may lawfully impose inheritance taxes, upon



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The forward looking man builds up two incomes—one from his business or profession, one from his bond investments. If he has been wisely investing his surplus, he will have an income from his securities to fall back upon should his business income fall off at times. The more carefully he has invested, the more dependable this income.

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Then he can keep those annoying squeaks out of your office chair, oil the hinges of your office door and put a drop or two of 3-in-One in the time-clock when needed.

3-in-One is excellent typewriter oil, too. Has just the right consistency to penetrate delicate bearings quickly, oil perfectly and stay put. Try, also, on duplicating and computing machines, dictaphones, dating stamps.

Everything in your office that ever needs oil, needs

3-in-One *The High Quality Office Oil*

As a furniture polish 3-in-One is supreme. Used properly, it removes dirt and grime, produces a bright, dry polish and preserves the finish.

Teach your office boy to polish furniture this way: Wring out a cloth in cold water. Apply a few drops of 3-in-One to the cloth. Rub a small surface of the furniture at a time, *with the grain of the wood*. Polish with a soft dry cloth.

Have Johnny get a bottle or Handy Can of 3-in-One on his next errand.

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HR787

An ANNOUNCEMENT *by the*

Securities Sales Company of Florida

THE First Mortgage Bond business of the Securities Sales Company of Florida, which was established in May, 1919, will be conducted henceforth under the name of the Security Bond & Mortgage Company, which will issue 6% Collateral Trust Gold Bonds, secured by guaranteed first mortgages.

The Maryland Casualty Company, whose resources exceed $33,000,000, will guarantee unconditionally the principal and interest on the mortgages.

The Maryland Trust Company, whose resources exceed $11,500,000, will act as Trustee of each bond issue.

J. A. W. Iglehart & Company, with offices in Baltimore, Md.; Washington, D.C.; Wilkes-Barre, Pa., and Clarksburg, W.Va., have been selected as the Company's investment bankers.

The first issue of **6% Security Bonds** to be issued under this arrangement will be ready on November 1st. Orders, reservations or requests for further information should be sent to J. A. W. Iglehart & Company, 102 St. Paul Street, Baltimore, Md.

[DENOMINATIONS $1,000, $500 AND $100. MATURITIES ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR AND FIVE YEARS.]

the death of the owner of shares of stock of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railway Company, are the State of Kansas and that State in which the owner resides at the time of his death."

Arizona was one of the States we mentioned as sure to claim a tax. The general counsel points out that the Arizona law is patterned after that of Oklahoma and Illinois. "I have no doubt that the Arizona statute will be held either inapplicable to such transfers or invalid as being beyond the authority of the State," he writes.

Atchison stockholders, cheer up!

PERHAPS the following letter from this department to a reader in Rhode Island will be of general interest:

"National Cash Register Preferred. This is the 7 per cent cumulative preferred stock of a very large and prosperous corporation. It is stated that over two and a quarter million of its machines are now in use and that its production is at the rate of 12,000 a month. Of the authorized issue of 20,000,000, there is outstanding 9,647,050. The stock is $100 par. Dividends are paid regularly. On the basis of the last four years' results, average income available for the preferred is $2,691,049 as against dividend requirement of $810,000. The equity of each share of preferred is $122.97. The stock is of high investment quality.

"United Drug First Preferred. This is a 7 per cent cumulative preferred in a strong and well-managed corporation. Authorized and outstanding, 12,500,000. Together with the small issue of non-cumulative second preferred on the basis of five years' results, average income for dividends is $3,738,239 as against a dividend requirement of $2,049,000. Clearly an investment stock.

"Bigelow-Hartford Carpet Company, formerly the Bigelow Carpet Corporation. Another old-established and well-managed concern. The stock is a 6 per cent cumulative preferred, with 2,724,000 outstanding. On the basis of five years' results, the average income available is $2,838,966 as against the dividend requirement of $163,458. The equity is $643.34. Also a high-grade investment.

"Standard Oil of New Jersey. Without going into the details, which can easily be supplied, this stock (the preferred) is also a first-class investment.

"Preferred stocks of this type should form some portion of an investment fund. Some object to preferred stocks because of the limitation of dividend and the fact that such stocks do not appreciate as much as the common."

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SECRETARIES, social workers, superintendents, matrons, housekeepers, dietitians, cafeteria managers, companions, governesses, mothers' helpers. The Richards Bureau, 68 Barnes St., Providence.

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EARN $110 to $250 monthly, expenses paid, as railway traffic inspector. Position guaranteed after completion of 3 months' home study course or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for free booklet CM-27. Standard Business Training Institution, Buffalo, N. Y.

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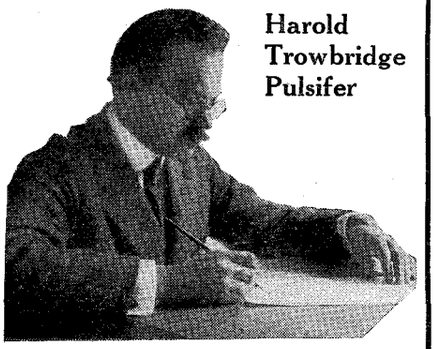

Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer

Glory o' the Dawn

A story that will stir the hearts of all who love the ways of ships and the mystery of the past

"GLORY O' THE DAWN," by Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer, a story of singular beauty, is told with a quiet impressiveness suggestive of Hawthorne. In the once flourishing Maine port of Middlehaven Caleb Gurney, stone-mason, ship-builder, and maker of models, gave years of his life and all the passion of his soul to recreating in miniature "Glory o' the Dawn." It was not merely a ship model that he fashioned, but a symbol of past greatness. The splendor of those ships which once carried New England's fame through all the seven seas lived again in the moving beauty of the model.

The Savor of the Sea

The San Francisco "Journal" says: "This little story is one of remarkable beauty and strength."

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The New York "Herald" says: "Mr. Pulsifer has compounded the pathos and humor of this text into a pleasing mixture."

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Mr. Pulsifer has kindly volunteered to autograph special copies of this book for those who accept the offer which appears below. The offer is limited, however, to subscribers of The Outlook. Simply mail the coupon today. Send no money now. Attractively bound in blue cloth with silver stamping, printed on heavy paper.

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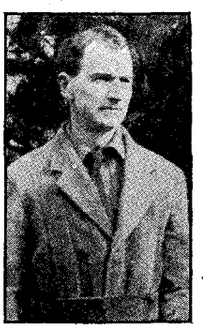
Out. 11-11-25

Contributors' Gallery

ORRIN E. DUNLAP, JR., graduated from Colgate University in 1920, and spent the following year at the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration. Formerly a Marconi and United States Navy radio operator, he is now radio editor of the New York "Times" and corresponding editor in charge of radio for the "Scientific American."

ELIZABETH WASHBURNE WRIGHT (a well-known American writer) is one of the foremost authorities on the opium traffic and has often represented the United States at international conferences dealing with this subject.



ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE, whose human and appealing nature articles have so often appeared in The Outlook, lives in Mercersburg, Pennsylvania. He was born and brought up in Charleston, South Carolina, and is a sympathetic and discerning student and interpreter of the American Negro, and of Southern life and customs. Mr. Rutledge is the author of nine volumes of poetry and prose.

By the Way

FROM "Good Hardware:"

Restaurant Manager (to orchestra conductor)—"I wish you'd display a little more tact in choosing the music. We've got the National Association of Umbrella Manufacturers here this evening, and you've just played 'It Ain't Gonna Rain No More'!"

From the "Fishing Gazette:"

Johnny came home proudly showing a dollar that he said he had found on the street. "Are you sure it was lost?" his father asked. "Yes, I know it was," Johnny replied. "I saw the man looking for it."

From the "Pointer:"

A Russian was being led off to execution by a squad of Bolshevik soldiers on a rainy morning.

"What brutes you Bolsheviks are," grumbled the doomed one, "to march me through a rain like this!"

"How about us?" retorted one of the squad. "We have to march back."

Answer to last week's riddle: Judges xvi. 29, 30.

HELP WANTED

INTELLIGENT middle aged Protestant woman to care for boy six. Pleasant suburban home. Nursing experience, French desirable. Box 1131, City Hall Station, New York.

REGISTERED nurse or experienced nurse with at least three years of hospital training. Protestant, refined, 30 to 40 years of age, a woman of executive ability, who wishes a permanent home, without encumbrances, in a large, refined home. Highest references of character and ability. Hospital reference required or from former employer. Personal interview requested. Address "Ability," Box 1204, Providence, R. I.

SALESMEN wanted. $10 daily easy. We start you in auto accessory business. No investment, no experience necessary. Exclusive territory. Motor Products Co., 1760 Lunt Ave., Chicago.

SEAMSTRESS and nursery governess, active and experienced, for boy 12 and girl 8, at Summit, N. J. Good wages. Room 163, 40 Wall St., N. Y. Tel. John 4708.

WANTED—Educated woman 30 to 45. Duties: assist in managing house, supervision over servants, help with care of 10 year old girl going to school. Family consists of husband, wife, 10 year old girl, and 16 year old boy. Three servants. Permanent position, comfortable home, and good salary to one with proper qualifications. Ability to select, hire, and manage servants essential. Location, suburbs of Philadelphia. State age, qualifications, and references to 6,503, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

A clergyman is free to accept a pastorate or preach as supply. Yale alumnus. Has scholarly tastes, a pleasing personality, and a Gospel message. Compensation for a single Sunday optional. Salary and location secondary considerations. 6,504, Outlook.

AN experienced teacher (man) would like position as companion-tutor for invalid boy. Reader and story teller. Willing to go South. 6,508, Outlook.

COLLEGE-bred, experienced governess wishes position with family going abroad. Highest references, 6,474, Outlook.

DIETITIAN, domestic science training, several years' experience, interested in catering, would like position in club or tea room. 6,506, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED woman desires position as cafeteria manager. 6,507, Outlook.

MANAGING housekeeper, experienced, refined, educated. 6,512, Outlook.

MARRIED man, forestry training, desires permanent position as caretaker on private estate. 6,498, Outlook.

NEW York trained nurse desires position as housekeeper-companion, charge of motherless child, or any suitable permanent position. 6,497, Outlook.

NURSE desires position as companion-secretary to lady. Willing to travel. References. 6,501, Outlook.

POSITION.—Would like to go to Florida. Consider light housework, companion, or care of children. References. 6,510, Outlook.

PRACTICAL nurse, competent and experienced, desires position as companion or nurse for elderly person or child going South for the winter. Best references. 6,513, Outlook.

REFINED woman desires position as companion to young or elderly woman; would manage household, do secretarial work. Excellent references. 6,483, Outlook.

SOCIAL private secretary, cultured, much experience in European family of high social standing, age 34. Secretarial Placement Bureau, 500 Fifth Ave., New York.

STENOGRAPHER. Experienced woman stenographer and notary public desires position Pittsburgh. 6,505, Outlook.

WANTED, by elderly couple, position as caretakers. References. 6,484, Outlook.

YOUNG woman (Swiss), knowing French, German, and English, seeks position as companion or governess. Excellent references. Josephine Dossenbach, 337 Allaire Ave., Leonia, N. J.

YOUNG woman, university graduate, desires afternoon stenographic or secretarial position in New York City. 6 511, Outlook,

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

UNUSUALLY comfortable accommodations offered a nervous or convalescent patient in doctor's own home. Finest medical attention, under own physician's direction if desired. Further particulars and references furnished on request. S. Mary Ives, M.D., 230 Washington St., Middletown, Conn.

EXPERIENCED trained nurse, with pleasant Long Island home, will board nervous child needing special care. Terms reasonable. 6,418, Outlook.

"MAKE-believe" sister wanted, domestic, cultured, middle-aged, to share lonely woman's home on fifty-fifty basis. 6,499, Outlook.

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